

M E M O I R S
OF
CHARLES TOWNLY.

[Written by HIMSELF.]

IN THREE VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

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CHARLES TOWNLEY



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CHARLES TOWNLY.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Collision of Opinions in a Stage Coach.—Anecdotes of the Occupation of a Soldier.

NEVER was a journey commenced under circumstances more in auspicious and unpromising than mine. Reflection turned my views upon that period of my life already elapsed, and pointed to the early ruin that had overwhelmed me; the season too contributed to depress my spirits.—It was the latter end of autumn, and the day was dark and heavy; I drew a parallel between my own desolation and that to which nature was visibly approaching.—Every gay prospect was blasted, and every cheerful hope eclipsed.

Gracious heaven! (thought I) to what purpose have I been called into existence, I am now bereft of every connection and endearing tie, which gives the human heart an interest in this world; every fine feeling, every tender affection of the mind, which to others are the sources of pleasure and comfort, to me are the inlets of misery and despair.—Why should I wander?—what has this universe in store for me?—ye happy beings, who are encircled by kind and dear relations.—ye who gaze on the visages of smiling friends, and are surrounded with the blessings of life, what has a wretched outcast, the sport of cruelty and injustice to do amongst you?—rather let me lay my unfriended head on the bosom of my parent earth, and in the grave find an asylum from cares and distresses so uncommon and severe.

I know not to what length I should have protracted this melancholy reverie, if I had not been aroused by a sudden jolt, which overset the carriage in a deep rut, and totally disabled it from proceeding farther.—However I had the good fortune to escape unhurt, and a stage coach passing by at the instant, I agreed for a seat to Dover, and pursued my journey.

On the first view of the faces of my fellow travellers, I instantly recognized two which I had seen before :—One of them was the fierce countenance of Mr. McCannon, and the other, the cynical visage of the Scotchman, who had so intrepidly asserted the dignity of high blood in dishabille, at the debating society, as before mentioned. The other passengers were two ladies, and a Quaker, of grave aspect and great formality of deportment.

My being thus accidentally thrown amongst this group, was of infinite service to my spirits. Man is so naturally form'd for social intercourse, that nothing but the being absolutely secluded from society can long suffer him to think or act abstractedly ; however strong our inclinations may be to the indulgence of sorrow, our attentions are drawn off from our own concerns to those of others, and it is possible that very painful emotions may be suspended by the obtrusion of ideas not interesting, but merely new.

On my entrance into the coach, the company were under a necessity of undergoing a change in their arrangement.—The best seats had been early secured by the Scot and the two females, who (being all of slender make) had agreed to occupy

one row, whilst the corpulent Quaker and Mr. Mc Cannon were contented to bear the inconvenience of having their backs to the horses, to ensure a sufficiency of elbow-room ;—my being added to the party occasioned a bustle, which was considerably encreased by the politeness of the elder of the ladies, who desired the young one to resign her place to me, but this proposal I would on no account assent to, so requesting the ladies to keep their seats, I squeezed myself in between Mc Cannon and the Quaker, and to make amends for the disagreeableness of my place, I had an opportunity of contemplating the most beautiful face I had ever beheld, which belonged to the younger of my fair companions.

I soon perceived my perseverance in this employment discomposed the young lady a good deal, but discernment not being the distinguishing characteristic of the young fellows of modern days, I attributed to affectation what in reality proceeded from modesty, and persisted in my impertinence, until the Quaker (perceiving her uneasiness) good naturedly enquir'd if the damsel ailed any thing ? before the young lady could reply, the elder one cried “ No, no, I warrant you she is only *glowty* because I bid her sit where
the

the gentleman is,—your decayed gentry are apt to give themselves airs, for my part I would never desire their company!”

“ Haud, haud lady (cried the Scot) you dunna seem to ken the ravarance due tul aincient leeniage.”

“ Ancient lineage (interrupted the lady) 'tis a mere farce,—Why there is Mrs. Racket, whom the great Leicestershire Squire married when she was bar-maid at an inn, spends more money in one month, than any woman of family in Great Britain does in six ;—ah! she has the true quality spirit :—she tears more fine laces, destroys more feathers, and lays on more rouge than any dozen ladies of distinction among my customers. If it were not for such public spirited persons as she, we milliners may shut up our shops, and go sing hymns at Westly's conventicle.”

“ Verily (said the Quaker) it would be useful to the community, if marts such as thine were wholly forbidden by the legislature. The gaudy ware vended by women of thy occupation, turneth the Heads of the wives and daughters of men.—ye are the high-priestesses of vanity and deck out fair victims to sacrifice at the shrine of folly.”

“ Vary

Vary weel seed (cried the Scot, preventing the lady who seemed prepared to burst upon the Quaker with a violent retort) 'tis aw reeght, eendootedly it is the vanity o' the teems causes aw meshap.—Your atteer,—your hooves,—your bainquets are aw fai many rucks to sheepwreek your veertues.—Noo in Scotland it is urder'd otherwees,—there we drafs plain,—live haird, and as for deet, a flece of cauld sheeps heed, or an agg."

"A nag (interrupted Mc Cannon) Arrah I did not think they were such hannibals in Scotland as to eat horse-flesh."

"When I feed an agg Sir (rejoined the Caledonian) I meen tthe praduice of a fool, cail'd i'th' vernaicular laingua a heen."

"Upon my foul (said the Irishman) I thought you said a nag."

"Savage egnorance" (exclaim'd the Scot.)

"People may say what they will of savages (said Mc. Cannon) as no man can tell his own story if he is not to the fore, but for my own part
I found

I found many of them every bit as good-natured as human creatures.

“ You ha lived among them then (said the Scot) gude troth I speer’d as much.”

“ You were quite in the right honey (cried Mc Cannon) it was my luck to be taken by them when I served in America, and upon my salvation I could not be used better by my own born brothers, nor so well neither, for my eldest brother Thady cheated me out of every farthing my father left me, and took it all away from me before I was of age to come into possession of it.”

“ The Irish are fam’d for leetagation’ (said the Scot.)

“ They are famous for every thing that is good (replied Mc Cannon ;) but as I was telling you, having no school-larning to be made a Priest, I listd for a Soldier, not but I was sorry enough to leave little Ireland, but when I had nothing to eat there, it would be but a folly to stay, and so I told all my friends, for they all gathered about me and bid me defart, because it was a disgrace to a gentleman to lug a brown musquet—but
says

says I, altho' I am as good a gentleman as Noah himself, his brother Brien Boru being my great grand father three times removed.'

' Have ye ever read the Poems of Ossian ?' (cried the Scot.)

' No, honey (answered Mc Cannon) but I hear they are a pack of lies invented by a Highlander, and that he wants to foist them upon the world for modern antiquities—but where did I leave off?—oh I have it—in spight of my gentility, says I, if I have not wherewithal in my pocket to pay my reckoning, 'tis few that will care for my company, so what will you have of it, go, I did in spight of them all.'

" And what were the fruits of this thine obstinacy friend" (said the Quaker.)

" Bad enough upon my conscience (said Mc Cannon) and when I was six months laid up in the hospital, with the wounds I received the first time I smelt powder, I often thought of the sin of running contrary to the advice of my own flesh and blood ;—but use makes master, as the saying is, so every misfortune that befel me I minded

minded it less, and less, till at last I became so injured to the profession that it was nuts and apples to me."

"A tregick writer of your aine coontre (said the Scot) who seems to have takken John Home fur his muddel, says weel, 'it ill befits a soldier to trumpet his ain praise.'"

"My grandmother used to say as much before either of them were born (cried Mc Cannon) but an Irishman's actions can be felt by the enemy without any trumpet at all.—But what I wanted to tell you was about the savages;—they tuck me one day when I and a detach'd party were benighted in a wood:—But though they came upon us by surprise, we gave them such a warm reception that they ran for it:—The Devil put it into my head to pursue one of them till I was far away from my own friends, when out of the bushes like so many owls, pops a larger squad than the first, and secured myself from fighting any more for that time, by a stroke of a hatchet in my *left* hand, which carried off the two fingers you see here, God blefs the mark."

At these words Mc Cannon expanded his hand for our observation, and the elder lady shudder-

ing (to shew her humanity) declared the military was a horrid trade.

“ 'Tis all but the fortune of war, Madam, (said he) but when they had crippled me, they then surrounded me, and made signs to know if the detachment I belonged to was a large one.— I gave them to understand they would be cut to pieces if they were overtaken by the English, though God knows the savages were two to one *agin* us, but I thought no harm of cheating the Devil by telling a lie in a good cause.—Accordingly honey, they hurried myself to the borders of the Lake, where they put me into one of their canoes, and the whole kit of us set sail.— We had a brisk gale, and reached within gunshot of our landing-place, when (as I sat ruminating not very pleasantly about being scalped and roasted alive) as the Lord would have it, our canoe overfet,—every one made to shore, for they all swim as natural as ducks,—I too was making the best of my way, though my disabled hand was but a bad help to me ; when what should I see, but the commander in chief of the copper-face boys struggling for life,—he was seized with a cramp and just ready to sink :—Although I had no great regard for any of them, I thought I could not do less than assist a creature I saw in distress,

distress, so I with great difficulty supported him till help arrived and brought both on shore, and I assure you I had no reason to repent of my civility, for he adopted me instead of his son, who by great-good luck was killed some time before, and thus not only saved my life but got me such good quarters that every one of the tribe loved me as if I was their blood relation. I stayed almost a year with them, and then gave them the slip, and after being heartily tired of fatigue, and surfeited with hunger, I had the happiness of again joining his Majesty's forces the evening before a battle in which I was wounded, which fortunate circumstance, together with my being the first man that mounted the breach, got me an ensign's commission:—well honey, to cut a long story short, after serving the whole campaign I came back to Ireland, a lieutenant, and married my cousin Biddy, my uncle Mc Clabber's wife's niece;—to be sure I got no fortune with her, but she was related to the best of quality, who would be good friends to me only they happened to be all dead before I was born.—She made me a good wife, and when she died, I did not know when I was well, so I married a very pretty girl, who was one of what this gentlewoman here calls good customers,
—but

—but we did not agree long, and to put an end to disputing, she ran away from Oxford, where I left her at a friend's house, while I was down recruiting in Northumberland.”

“ Verily friend (said the Quaker, who had listened to Mc Cannon's long detail with great attention) thy perils and thy sufferings have been manifold, but thou must perceive they all have arisen from thy having set at nought the counsel of thy brethren, and obstinately made choice of a bad profession to obtain thy livelihood.”

“ Upon my conscience (cried Mc Cannon) but that is a good joke, as if there was any profession in the world better than that of a soldier.”

“ Thou speakest according to thy own prejudices (rejoined the Quaker) but consult thy reason and it will tell thee that a man who demeaneth himself soberly and uprightly, and is a useful member of the community, doeth more good in society than all the heroes that ever existed.”

“ Whew (whistled Mc Cannon) arrah, General Wolfe, and Jewlus Cæsar, and Philip O'Manus where are ye when this pharisee makes so free with your reputations ?”

“ I ken

" I ken the twa first o' those warriors you mak meention of (cried the Scot) but who is O'Manus."

" An Irish general (returned Mc Cannon) of the family of Mc Manus or O'Manus, whose story with a great many other old stories is written by one *Raw Lean*, a French refugee.

" Sure you canna mean (said the Scot) Philopœmenes, General of the Achaians."

" For aught I know to the contrary (cried Mc Cannon) he might have been in the Landgrave of Hesses service, but now I think of it, that could not be, for after doing very well as a General, the poor fellow must needs turn Admiral, and then he behaved like a fish out of water. I heard it from our Major who was very fond of talking at dinner, of all he had read in the morning, which was of great service, as it saved the Subalterns the trouble of reading for themselves."

" Such studies (said the Quaker) are of no avail, for the trophy of the warrior fadeth quickly, and nought remaineth to him but an empty name."

The

The Scot, tired of giving his argumentative powers such a long cessation, now attacked the Quaker. "Gin ye ainaleeze things, and ainvestageet with precession (said he) ye mun ken that a great name is to be coveted e'n mair than muckle filler, accordingly we feend the gratest men, and the weefest phelosophers of aintiquity, storning weelth to treesure up fame,—and for mine ain part, I would rather mak my name of Sawney Mc Snarl ceelebrated tul posterity, than be made Laird o' the territory of Strath-bogie."

"And upon my conscience (cried Mc Cannon) I'd rather my ancestors should call me the Marquis of Granby, than King Solomon in all his glory."

The elder lady, who had ill-brooked the silence the loquacity of the disputants had imposed on her, now took occasion to interfere, declaring she was greatly shock'd at the profane liberty taken by Mr. Mc Cannon, in mentioning King Solomon so irreverently.

Irreverently (said Mc Cannon) Saint Patrick himself, as great a man as he is, would not be a bit ashamed of appearing in the company of
such

such a commander as the Marquis of Granby, and upon my soul I meant no offence to King Solomon."

' There again (interrupted she) I wish there was a magistrate in company to make you pay for every oath you swear.'

' Aye, or were the chiel a desceple o'th' Kirk (cried Mc Snarl) he wou'd be cautious of sic practices.'

' Reformation (said the Quaker) beginneth in the heart; the fear of punishment maketh hypocrites; but unless the inward man be converted the evil taketh deeper root.'—

Gin ye had fate i'th' stull of repentance (cried Mc Snarl) ye wad tell another tale.'—

' I beg (interrupted Mc Cannon) I beg the favour of you all not to go to loggerheads for the good of my soul; leave it to myself and Father Mc Faden, who promised to pray it out of purgatory seven years ago.'—

Our arrival at Canterbury put an end to this conversation, and a good dinner seem'd wholly
to

to engross every faculty of the disputants. The care of the ladies devolved upon me—my attentions were most graciously received by the talkative lady, but her fair companion was silent and reserved, and seemed distressed at being obliged to accept the common services complaisance required from me. Tho' my vanity was not a little mortified by her conduct, there was so much elegance in her air, and beauty in her face, that I cou'd not withdraw my notice from her, nor suppress the curiosity I felt to learn some particulars of her situation. For this latter purpose I resolved to ingratiate myself in the good graces of the chaperon, under whose direction she evidently was, I therefore addressed all my compliments to her, and when we received notice to resume our journey, handed her into the coach, leaving the conducting her fair charge to Mr. Mc Cannon, who performed the ceremony with equal awkwardness and good will.

CHAP

C H A P. XXXVIII.

*Departure from Canterbury.—The Author forms
Conjectures in which he finds he was mistaken.—
Writes a Billet.—Arrival at Dover.*

WE set off from Canterbury in a much more conciliated state than we entered it, and now assumed the feelings of a party *en Famille*. The workings of the spirit in the Quaker were lull'd to repose, and indeed all his faculties soon yielded to the soporiferous effects of his repast, Mc Cannon exerted his conversible powers to entertain the young lady;—her matron chatted to me with smiles of the utmost complacency. And even the hard features of Sawny Mc Snarl evinced the kindly symptoms of relaxation, whilst he alternately whistled and humm'd ‘the flowers of Edinburgh.’

Notwithstanding my devoirs to my protégée, I paid strict attention to the conversation passing between the young lady and Mc Cannon, and was very much struck with the affability, good sense, and politeness she manifested. She seemed to enter into his character with quickness and precision,

cision, and in spite of the disadvantages his want of good breeding and information threw over his address, paid that respect to his sentiments which his goodness of heart deserved ; in fine, the stile of her behaviour and discourse was so very different from that of women in the inferior classes of life, that she could not be mistaken for one of that description. Yet, such is the effect of appearances in influencing judgment, that the greatest merit suffers diminution in the opinion of those who behold it thro' the medium of those prejudices raised by its being placed in an improper situation. Accordingly, the discovery of those qualities, which, had I met her under other circumstances, would have enhanced my admiration, now tended to strengthen my unfavourable opinion. A young creature (beautiful and sensible as this lovely girl) thus appearing under the guidance of a woman, whose apparent levity of manners was too strong an indication of her principles to be misconstrued, argued a want of delicacy, which gave to her modesty and reserve, an air of imposture. The fair sex can never be too cautious in the choice of their female associates ; reason rejects with disdain the idea of the heterogeneous union of virtuous with vicious minds : and the most innocent and amiable woman, by holding any intercourse with those of worthless principles, or
improper

improper manners, incurs the danger of being censured for a simularity of disposition.

On our arrival at Dover, we were all shewn into a parlour at the inn, where the stage coach set up. My gallantry had by this time taken such good effect, that the Lady to whom it was addressed gave many intimations of my standing very high in her favour. She enquired if I was going directly to Paris, and on my answering in the affirmative, said if I was not already determined in my choice of a residence there, the person with whom she was to lodge, generally had good apartments to let, which she would venture to recommend.

I seized the opportunity of this voluble Lady's going out to give some directions relative to her luggage, to address some common-place complimentary nonsense to the young lady, upon the happiness I should have in living in the same house with her at Paris ; at first she shewed her dislike of my discourse, by a total silence, but on my persisting to launch out into some hyperboles on her loveliness, and seizing one of her hands with a free air, to my infinite surprize, she burst into tears, and precipitately quitted the room.

Her

Her mild indignation—her visible distress, and the glow of conscious dignity that flush'd her cheek awakened a sensation in my bosom I had never felt before, and overwhelmed me with confusion, but her sudden departure deprived me of the opportunity of making any apology for the impertinence I had been guilty of, and delivered me over to the mortifying feelings of unavailing regret.

When her *chaperon* returned, and observed she had withdrawn, she forthwith began to exclaim against beggarly pride; this girl (said she) is a paltry dependant, without sixpence in her pocket, and yet I warrant you she thinks it a degradation to keep company with folks who pay scot and lot and whose bills wou'd be accepted for thousands.'

I fear (said I) her withdrawing may be with justice attributed to me—I have inadvertantly offended the Lady.—

“ Lady (cried she) a fine Lady truly.—I am sure, if it had not been to oblige my good customer Lady Freemore, I would not be seen in such company.—You must know Sir, her Ladyship was sending this girl (who is a relation of hers) to France:—On what account I do not know; but I suppose it could not be for her good behaviour

viour she chose to get rid of her ;—and now I think of it, my Lord is a very gallant sort of man, and a forward girl like this you know, I say nothing, but things look suspicious——So Sir as I was telling you, says her Ladyship to me, Mrs. Frill, says she, I have particular reasons for sending Miss Montford to France.—Mind that Sir, *particular* reasons,—and Mrs. Frill (says she) as I know you to be a person of great prudence, and one whose discretion can be depended upon, I will commit her to your care,—now Sir I knew my Lady could not abide the sight of her, for I had it from her Ladyship's own woman,—but I agreed she should make the journey with me, and you see how proudly she carries herself, and how ungrateful she is for my civility.”

This detail threw my ideas into quite a new train.—I felt a very high degree of distress at having being accessory to wounding a spirit struggling with affliction.—Every ill impression her connection with Mrs. Frill had excited, was instantly effaced by this testimony, that she had not been voluntarily associated with her, and I without hesitation, determined to forego every expectation, and use every effort to restore peace to the bosom of the amiable object of this unfeeling woman's malice.

I made

I made an excuse for retiring, and after some consideration, resolved to acquaint Miss Montford with my sentiments, and endeavour to apologize for the offence I had given her.—For this purpose I wrote a billet containing the following lines,

To Miss Montford.

Madam,

The peculiarity of our situations will, I flatter myself obtain your pardon for the liberty I take in this address, to request your forgiveness for the offence I (through ignorance of your character) had the misfortune to offer you.—I entreat Madam, you will believe I am very much distressed at having raised one uneasy sensation in your mind, and that (to avoid offending you further) I will reject the offer of the woman in whose care you have been so injudiciously placed, and relinquish the hope of residing in the same house with you at Paris. But will you not have the goodness to allow me to call on you there to gain intelligence of your health and safety?—surely propriety does not refuse a sanction to this wish of a man, who would find inexpressible happiness in being admitted to a participation of your good opinion, and in rendering
you

you every service the sacred name of friend requires.

I am,

Madam,

With sincere respect,

Your obedient humble Servant,

Charles.

I was going to add Townly, but the severe interdiction I had received never to use that name arrested my pen, and I closed my billet with the above subscription. I then gave it to one of the waiters to deliver to the young Lady, and rejoined the rest of my fellow travellers in the parlour.

On my entrance Mc Cannon advanced and accosted me :—" Upon my conscience young gentleman (said he) I was just saying your face is perfectly familiar to me though I cant for the life of me call it to mind."

Not chusing to refresh his memory on the score of our former adventure, I replied, that as I had no recollection of being honoured with his acquaintance I supposed he had often met me in public, which occasioned his conjecture.

" May

“ May be so my dear (said Mc Cannon) and yet it is not common to meet any two people who are exactly one and the same person, for if you’ll observe, there is as great a difference between Christians, as there is betwixt the lilies of the field, or the sands of the sea.”

“ I speer’d too that I had set eyne on the laddie e’er noo,” said Mc Snarl.)

“ Well honey (said the Irishman) you see now that every like is not the same.”

Wishing to turn the conversation into another channel, I asked the Scot to what part of France he intended going, and if he meant to make any stay.

“ I gang tul the caipital (returned he) mine enteent is to offur my feirvaces to sic persons of destengtion as lack instruction in the true pronoonciation of the English lainguage.”

“ I marvel much friend (said the Quaker) at this thine undertaking ;—yea verily, as much as if I heard a Dutch Burgomaster, profess the teaching of dancers for the profane pastime called the Opera,”

“ It

“ It would be a cause of muckle mair wonder (cried Mc Snarl) were ain of thy seeft to profeefs the teaching *polectnefs*.”

“ Sure (interrupted Mc Cannon) they don’t want any body to teach them *polightnefs* in France.”

“ Whee prithee mon (cried Mc Snarl turning short upon him) doft know what is *polectnefs*?—

Why, according as I take it (replied Mc Cannon) politenefs is a good-natured fort of a civility, that hinders people from being troublesome or unmannerly, and makes a body hold their tongue when they had rather be speaking, fooner than fay any thing to make other people uneasy.”

Mrs. Frill now informed me there was no paquet to fail for Calais till eight o’clock the following morning, and propofed our having a good bit of fupper, and a snug game of whift to pafs the time away. Mc Cannon and Mc Snarl affented to the propofal, and I, in hope of again feeing Mifs Montford, readily agreed,—but in this expectation I was difappointed; The young Lady plead- ed a bad head-ach, and appeared no more that night.

Our *partie quarrée* broke up at eleven : and the only addition I could gain to the intelligence I had already received was, that Miss Montford and Mrs. Frill were to separate immediately on their arrival at Paris, nor did Mrs. Frill know where in that city her fellow traveller was to reside, nor who there were her connections.

C H A P. XXXIX.

*Adventure at the Inn, in which Mc Cannon makes
a conspicuous Figure.*

T WAS now “ the very witching time of night,” and Somnus had extended his leaden sceptre over our Inn, when a loud and dismal yell, accompanied with a tremendous noise, aroused the sleepers from their repose :—The alarm seemed to come from a long passage which communicated with a row of apartments, occupied by the numerous guests whom chance had that night assembled beneath the roof. I instantly huddled on my cloaths, unsheathed my sword, and rushed to the spot from whence the sounds continued to issue, where (by the light of a lamp burning in the passage) I found Mc Cannon stretched on the floor, bellowing aloud for mercy, although there was no assailant whatever to annoy him.

Every door in the passage was now opened, and the inhabitants of every chamber came forth

to enquire what was the matter. With much difficulty the Irishman was raised from the ground, and as soon as he was composed enough to tell his story, he informed us, that as he was sleeping quietly in his bed, he had been attacked by a ghost, who spoke to him in Hebrew, and on his jumping up vanished in a flash of fire.

This detail produced various effects on the group assembled around him. One, pronounced him to be dreaming;—another laughed;—another said, he ought to get drunk without disturbing people;—the Quaker groan'd—and Mc Snarl (with much gravity) declared him to be bewitched.

“As I hope to be saved (cried Mc Cannon) I am neither dreaming, nor drunk, nor bewitched, no more than any of yourselves:—But I saw him by the light of the fire, as plain as I this moment see the nose in my face.—He was a dapper little fellow, the very picture of Squire O'Shaughnessy, that lived in the great house near my father's, only his face was a little blacker; and by the same token he wore such a red jacket as he used to wear, when he went out to shoot rabbits, and other wild fowl.

It

It was to no purpose to argue with the Irishman on this ridiculous business, he persisted in his assertions so vehemently ; and so peremptorily refused to return to his apartment without company, that at length, thro' compassion to him, and to restore the general tranquility of the house, I agreed to sit up with him till day. Mc Snarl also turn'd out a volunteer on the occasion ; and this point being settled, the rest of his auditors returned to their beds, very much out of humour at having been disturbed on such a nonsensical occasion.

When we had stirred up the fire, and seated ourselves round it, I entered into a serious course of reasoning with Mc Cannon, on the absurdity of his fears, but I might as well have held my peace, for his belief in super-natural beings was too firmly established to admit of his being argued into their non-existence. " My dear friend (said he) God knows I am no coward, when I get among my own fellow creatures, I would as soon face a Rajah pout as a Turkey pout, and would fight till I died for my King and my country, but I vow to God, I never could abide to see dead men walking about after they were buried :—and when I was a boy, I would not stir an inch out of doors by myself, without com-

pany,

pany, after night-fall, for fear of a headless horse that used to do sad mischief in our neighbourhood."

Mc. Snarl, who had listened with great attention to our discourse, now took a part in the conversation, and declared, it was wonderful any person could argue against the doctrine of apparitions, after it had been authenticated by the best historical evidence : that he thought the Phantom of Cæsar which had haunted Brutus ; and that, which Lord Clarendon relates appeared as a fore-runner of the death of the Duke of Buckingham, were proofs sufficient to conquer modern scepticism ; for his part, he was firm in his belief of such appearances, although he could not assent to the erroneous cause to which the coming of these supernatural visitants was generally ascribed, for that he was convinced it was the incantations of persons skilled in the science of sorcery or witchcraft alone could raise them,—of late (he owned) no instances had occurred to prove his assertion, but that the royal evidence of King James bore testimony that it had not been so formerly.

I could not avoid being struck with the similar effect produced by different causes. The Irishman's

man's superstition was founded upon the prejudices of ignorance, and that of the Scot upon a laboured system of reasoning, yet both were equally ridiculous in their conclusions.

Mc. Cannon, who had attended with great seriousness to the Scotsman's harangue, perceiving he had concluded, expressed much pleasure at having his opinion corroborated:—"But pray honey (said he) was it at the time Cæsar came to lay siege to the West of Ireland, he went to Scotland to be bewitched."

Mc Snarl interpreted this interrogation into ridicule, though in reality Mc Cannon intended no such thing. "It was (replied he) about the same Æra that Squire O'Shaughnessy did gang tul Jerusalem to larn the Hebrew dielect."

"By my soul (said Mc Cannon) Squire O'Shaughnessy knew no more of Hebrew than I do myself, and I never heard one word of it spoken in all my life."

"Tack heed Mon (cried Mc Snarl) tack heed, or thou wilt bring the veracity of thine ain narration into discredet."

“ What

“ What do you mean by that ?” (said the Irishman)

“ Lieers ha muckle need o’ gude memorees !”
(replied the Scot)

This required no explanation, and the consequence was an immediate engagement at fifty cuffs between the disputants, which was maintain’d with such prowess and obstinacy on both sides, that all my attempts to part them were in vain, in the scuffle they overset the chairs, threw down the table and in fine made such an uproar, as again raised up the whole household, who burst open the doors to find out the cause.—The combatants were with great difficulty separated, and whilst some were expostulating on their unruly proceedings, and others threatening to chastise the authors of such repeated disturbances ; Lo ! from behind one of the window curtains came forth the apparition of Squire O’Shaughnessy, which had been the prime mover of the bustle. It was the favorite Monkey of a Lady of Fashion going to France, and had eloped that evening from a drunken servant who had the care of it, and hid itself in Mc Cannon’s apartment.

This

This *denouement* produced a long and loud laugh from all sides, and entirely quelled the spirit of animosity, insomuch that the Scot and the Irishman shook hands, and every body returned to their beds and slept comfortably the remainder of the night.

C H A P. XL.

An Answer to the Author's Billet.—McCannan's Generosity.—The Author parts from his Fellow Travellers.

I Arose early the ensuing morning, and found my fellow-travellers assembled in the parlour, except the Quaker (who had now arrived at his intended destination, a meeting of the Brethren in the Town of Dover, and had bid us a final adieu) and Miss Montford, who did not make her appearance. Her absence seemed to me an omen of the continuance of her displeasure, and gave me much uneasiness; but I had not endured this sensation long, when the same waiter whom I had commissioned to deliver my letter, brought me one directed to Mr. Charles, I seized it with avidity, and retiring to a window, read as follows :

Sir,

“ I am not certain whether any circumstances can justify my returning an answer to

to the letter you thought proper to send me, but the sentiments contained in that letter evince you to be a man of honour and humanity, and induce me to signify my forgiveness of an opinion which (though in some measure authorized by a concurrence of unfavourable appearances) was perhaps too hastily adopted.

“ It is equally inconsistent with my ideas of propriety, and my scheme of life, to admit of your enquiries at Paris. My most earnest wish is to pass obscure and unknown through an existence embitter’d with painful recollections, present misfortunes and future gloomy prospects.

“ Farewel Sir,—I think you are serious in your expressions of concern for the uneasiness I have suffered in consequence of your behaviour:—In this belief I take the liberty to request we may meet no more. Your compliance will be the best proof of the sincerity of your declarations.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Caroline Montford.”

The sensations raised by the perusal of this epistle were so various as wholly to overwhelm me. I held:

held it suspended in my hand, and again and again wandered over it with my eyes, but amid the contrariety of emotions that agitated my mind, I did not an instant hesitate on determining to obey the commands of the fair writer.

Mrs. Frill who was very attentive to my movements, at length lost all patience, and roused me from my reverie, by hoping that letter had not brought me any bad news. I replied, that the contents of it were far from being of an agreeable nature, and must unavoidably compel me to postpone my tour for some little time. "So (cried she) you will not travel with us." I cannot possibly have that pleasure, replied I coldly. Mrs Frill employed all her rhetoric to induce me to adhere to my first resolution, but I assumed an air of much gravity, and betrayed the contempt I felt for her so plainly, that she at length desisted from her persuasions, and quitted the parlour in high dudgeon.

I again opened Miss Montford's letter, and was still more struck with the evident dignity of soul which ran through it—What pity thought I, that such loveliness of form and elegance of mind, should be placed in a situation so degrading. This amiable creature must practice the hard lessons of
adversity,

adversity, and every hour endure insults from vulgar minds and unfeeling natures, whilst so many of the giddy and worthless of her sex are encompassed with ease and affluence. Beautiful, modest, sensible, and prudent; she is yet doom'd to be unhappy.—Oh fortune, fortune!

I was so deeply involved in reflection, that I absolutely forgot I was not alone, and articulated the exclamation against fortune so audibly, that it was plainly heard by Mc Snarl and Mc Cannon.—The good-natur'd Irishman directly approached me—"I beg your pardon, young gentleman (said he) but that same fortune that you mention, is very apt to play tricks upon honest fellows—I believe you have met with a small matter of a disappointment—If it is about money, I have a little here I can share with you, and I will with all my heart." Much surprized at this instance of generosity I did not readily answer, and he thus continued,—“I vow to G—d I reverence a gentleman in distress more than I do all the Emperors in Europe—so here is my purse, we will divide it, and then you have nothing to do but set out on your journey.”—

I—returned

I returned many thanks for this well-intentioned offer, but declined accepting it. Mc Cannon wou'd not give up the point, but proceeded to urge his request.—“ May be you think I cant't spare it (said he) but there you are out, I am going to see my Uncle, who is a Canon with a good benefice, and do you think he wou'd let me want for any thing ?”—

I assured Mc Cannon, that my journey was not postponed on account of the want of money, but from circumstances of quite a different nature.

“ Gude faith (said the Scot) this is as feen a contest as annie in aw ainteequety—I admire Maister Mc Cannon's ganerosity mair than that of Scipio tul the aimorous Prance, for a wees mon wull think it mair hard to gi awa his filler than his maistrefs.”

“ Phoo (cried Mc Cannon) how the D—I can you admire generosity, if your wisdom won't let you give nothing away.”

“ Prudence (replied Mc Snarl) bids the necessitous mon look tul his ain wants e'er he speers for those of others.”

“ May

May be so honey (said Mc Cannon) but in that case I'd bid Prudence go about his business, and share my necessities as far as they went with those that wanted them."

A summons for the passengers to go on board the Pacquet Boat, obliged my companions to take a hasty leave. I posted myself at a window, and beheld them depart, accompanied by Mrs. Frill and Miss Montford. As they passed I bowed respectfully to Miss Montford, who returned the compliment with a blush that heightened her beauties. When she was out of sight I again had recourse to her letter, which exhibited the emanations of a spirit superior to the frowns of fortune. —I gave up the reins to imagination, which led me through a thousand chimerical visions, in all which she bore a part. I figur'd to myself the sublime pleasure it would afford to a heart of sensibility to protect her—to serve her—to promote her felicity. How base must be the wretch who could deceive or aggrieve her (said I) yet she may meet with such, whom neither her merit nor her innocence, can induce to reverence her as she deserves. Oh what joy it would be to shelter her from every ill! —why is it not my fate to do so?

But

But reason soon took its turn to reign, and put to flight all the ideas fancy had indulged,—the wretchedness of my own situation arose to my recollection in its darkest colours—undone and miserable as I am, cried I, what have I to do with protecting others, or administering to their happiness?—Nameless, friendless, indigent—I have no blessings to impart—no protection to offer—Farewel then ye flattering visions, and you lovely and amiable Miss Montford, farewell. Like a bright meteor you shone upon me for a moment, and now are vanished from my view for ever.

C H A P. XLI.

*Commences an Acquaintance in the Pacquet-Boat.—
Arrives at Paris.—Goes to the Opera.—Meets an
Abbé.*

I Spent a lonesome and melancholy day, and embarked for Calais that night. There were a great number of passengers on board ; They were all strangers to me. I happened to get into conversation with one who was a man of sense and politeness, perfectly easy of access, and unaffected in his manners. He did not seem to be more than twenty-five years old, but was much inclined to gravity, and apparently in a declining state of health.

There was something so interesting in him that I involuntary paid him particular attention. The weather was tempestuous and the sea rough. I took great pains to alleviate every inconvenience he felt, as much as possible, and he seemed sensible of my assiduity. On our landing he enquired my destination, and begged to know who he was
to

to whose good-nature he had been so much obliged. I told him my name was Charles, and that I was going to Paris to stay some time. "My journey is to Montpellier (said he) after I have paid a short visit to a friend in this part of the country.—If the air there mends a bad state of health I will be at Paris in the spring, and will be greatly pleased to see you." I answered I would be happy in an opportunity of improving our acquaintance. "My title (said he) is Lord Dorville, and my residence will be the hotel D'York, I beg you will not fail to call on me."

I promised I would not, and after saying many obliging things we parted.

I arrived at Paris pretty early in the evening, and was driven au grande Cerf, Rue St. Dennis, from whence I was directed to a hotel Garnis, in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine where I settled myself in a small but neat apartment. I was lodged au second, by no means a disreputable situation in Paris, though what we call up two pair of stairs.

I was not well seated in my new-apartment when a peruquier popped in his sharp face and enquired if Monsieur L'Anglois wanted to be dressed for
the

the opera, the comedie *Françoise ou Italienne*, *Audevant, Nicolet, ou les varietes amusantes*, at each of which there would be performances to night, and congratulated me, that this evening the Boulevards would be crouded, as the Foire St. Laurent was this year remarkable brilliant.

In thanking this voluble intelligencer for the torrent of information which he poured forth during the minute he held the door open, I inadvertently replied *Je vous remercie*, which in the French acceptation, when not joined with the affirmative *Oui* is taken for a negative, upon which he made his congée, and was flying down stairs with the utmost précipitation, when I called him back, which I suppose he took for an instance of English inconsistency of temper.

Who that recollects the forlorn state and melancholy disposition in which I determined to go to Paris, can avoid smiling on beholding me in the parterre of the opera, in less than two hours after my arrival there:—But France is not the land of reflection, nor youth the season of wisdom, and I was directed by the impulse of the moment.

The music of the opera was fine,—the dresses and decorations superb,—and the dancing excellent;—

lent;—but it was impossible to attend to the piece, disputes ran so high among the audience, on the merits of Piccini and Gluck. The admiration of the Piccinists were as vociferous as the disapprobation of the Gluckists, and the Iphigenia of the former Master (though one of the finest compositions extant) was absolutely outnoised and overpowered in the contention.

A smart looking little Abbé who stood next to me, observing the equality with which I comported myself in the general contention, after eyeing me some time, addressed me saying, he supposed Monsieur was English by the *sang froid* he manifested on this very momentous occasion.

I returned his address politely, and informed him his conjecture was just, adding I was quite a stranger, being only a few hours arrived, consequently could not take any part in the contest.

“ The English love *sense* better than *sounds* (said he bowing) and here too we have many people who have good taste enough to prefer the sublimities of your Shakespeare to the music of our opera.”

This

This well turned compliment banished every trace of my national reserve, and we entered familiarly into chat, he complimented me on my accurate knowledge of the French language, and I was delighted with his easy politeness, inasmuch that I was sorry when the conclusion of the entertainment put an end to our conversation:—At parting he enquired where I had taken up my residence, and on my giving him my direction and telling him it would give me pleasure to see him, he promised to call on me the following day.

C H A P. XLII.

*In which the Abbé commences the Task of polishing
the Author, and instructing him in Bon Ton. —
A fruitless Search.*

WHEN I reflect on the period of my life, of
which I am about to enter on a detail, I
am forcibly struck with the resemblance of my
disposition and situation, to the pathetic description
on the unhappy Poet Savage gives of his own; I
was in truth

“ Inly secure, thro’ conscious scorn of ill,
“ Nor taught by wisdom how to balance
will;
“ Heedless what pointed ills perplex his way
“ Whom caution arms not, and whom woes
betray.

Oh youth! season of gay hope, and generous
confidence,—thy follies, thy credulities lead to
many evils, yet it is to be lamented that years
and

and experience seldom come unincumbered of heart-felt cares and mortifying convictions, and that man scarcely ever attains wisdom, until the fine edge of his sensibilities is blunted, and his asperities awakened, by the ill usage he has received in a long intercourse with the world. But to return to my narrative.—My spirits were so exhilarated by the scene of splendor and gaiety where I had been a spectator, that every disagreeable reflection was cast at a distance, I abandoned myself to that species of self-delusion called *castle building*. A thousand chimerical schemes suggested themselves to my imagination, and whilst I was the victim of real misfortune, also rendered me the dupe of fallacious expectation.

In the midst of these reveries a thought of Miss Montford would obtrude itself.—My curiosity was strongly interested in learning some particulars of her future destination, and the wish of assisting her, and contributing to her happiness was still predominant. It occurred to me, as Mrs. Frill was of such a prying disposition, that it was very probable she would take pains to discover her abode, and the nature of her connections at Paris. I considered that my applying for intelligence of these matters to that Lady was no breach of the acquiescence I had determined to pay to the request
of

of this amiable girl, and therefore concluded on finding out Mrs. Frill, and effecting a reconciliation with her, as the only method of gratifying my wishes on this score.—I had unluckily neglected to enquire the part of the city she intended to reside in, but as she came to Paris in search of fashions, I judged I should be able to hear of her among the Milliners, and to them I determined to apply the very next day.

My obsequious Peruquier came early in the morning to receive my commands. Whilst I was dressing, he hoped I liked the opera, which he assured me was the grandest and most magnificent spectacle in the universe,—told me *L'eau de Jasmin* was the only perfume to be used by people of *Ton*, this season; and that if I happened through mistake to use Bergamot, which had been the *style* a month ago, I would run the hazard of being mistaken for a Bourgeois:—he then entered into a dissertation on dress, with many encomiums on the Parisian modes, which he assured me would set off my person to amazing advantage, and at length begged my permission to recommend a Tailleur, for whose taste and manner of finishing he could answer, and who would be expeditious in equipping Monsieur to appear with éclat in the grand Monde.

Having

Having assented to this proposal, and the Tailleur making his appearance in consequence, I soon agreed for a dress and an undress suit, not on very reasonable terms indeed—but my *Peruquier* informed me *les Hommes de Qualité* always paid an enhanced price when their *merchants des modes* were eminent in their line, and that my Tailleur was at the head of his profession.

There is a species of false pride which makes it irksome to us to descend from the elevation, we hold in the imagination of others, whatever inconveniencies it may put us to, to support an unfounded distinction:—this mischievous *mauvaise honte* induced me to comply with what I plainly distinguished to be exorbitant. I was taken by those who addressed me for a man of quality, and I could not (I thought) do less than support my rank as I was told others of the same class did.

This business was scarcely dispatched when the punctual Abbé was announced. I told him how I had been employed, and received his approbation for being so expeditious in these preparatory measures for my introduction into company. “I am

come (said he) to devote myself to your service for the day, if you chuse to see the curiosities of the city—being a stranger you necessarily want a guide in your researches, and I shall be happy to render your stay amongst us amusing as possible, if your letters of introduction have not already procured you a cicerone.”

The consciousness of wanting those necessary testimonies of *consequence*, threw me into a momentary confusion, insomuch that I hesitated for a reply.

“ Perhaps (rejoined the Abbé) these persons to whom you are recommended are not at present in Paris.”

This hint suggested an answer, and I directly mentioned the absence of Lord Dorville as a great disappointment to me.

“ Lord Dorville (said the Abbé) I have heard of him—he has lived a good deal here—but let me obviate this cause of chagrin: I have the honour of an intimacy with the first company here, and will introduce you to a society you will highly approve.—

I made

I made my best acknowledgments to the polite Abbé for his kindness. “*Mon cher ami* (returned he) dont think of it, there is nothing in the world in it.” I however declined his obliging services for the present, and postponed the commencement of those researches he mentioned, until the next day, alledging as an apology, that my new clothes could not be finished before that time,

“ Ah, *mon Dieu!* (exclaimed he) what will you do with yourself till then?—sure you cannot live alone.”

I intend (said I) to spend this day in making enquiries for some English people whom I suppose are here.

“ *Pardonnez moi* (cried the Abbé) it is the *grande malheur* of your countrymen to associate together in foreign countries, by which means you waste your time in confirming old habits, instead of acquiring new ideas to encrease your stock of knowledge.”

I felt the truth of the Abbé's remark; so (m ing) told him, it was a fair country-woman of mine I meant to go in quest of.

"*Malheur sur malheur*, (cried he) an attachment to one of your English women would be enough to destroy you for ever.—They are dull, awkward, and over-run with *mauvaise honte*,—what can you learn in their society?—But our women here are the great finishers of education. From them you acquire air, manner, address, spirit;—in fine every thing desirable,—but of this you shall judge yourself, for I intend to introduce you to Madame La Marquise du Bellay, at whose assemblies you will meet the most charming women in the world."

I returned thanks for this favour intended me, and requested Monsieur L'Abbé to honour me with his company the ensuing morning.—He consented, and after a little more cursory chat took his leave. "Adieu, *mon cher Monsieur* (said he) beware of indulging a fondness for solitude, it is the general opinion here, that this *sombre* propensity of the English is the sole cause why so many of them hang and drown themselves."

The moment I got rid of him I threw myself into a *Fiacre*, and (having previously enquired of my *Peruquier* who were the most celebrated Milliners, and taken down their directions in my *tablet*) set out on my expedition in search of Mrs. Frill.

The Grizette of Sterne is so good an epitome of the whole tribe of French Milliners, that any attempt to describe the manners of those I saw would appear *imitation*, by which appellation the generality of us literary borrowers and stealers chuse to distinguish our plagiarisms. Suffice it then to say, that (like him) I was induced to buy trifles for which I had no occasion. But I could not obtain the least intelligence relative to the object of my enquiries.

“ Madame Frill, (said one.) Yes Madame, (replied I) an English milliner. “ *Pardonnez moi Monsieur*, I have the greatest respect for what you say, but *assurance* you have no such thing as a milliner in England: They are all mere work-women!”

Chagrin'd

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Chagrin'd

Chagrin'd at my ill success, I desisted from my enquiries, and returning home, made (in spite of the Abbés exhortation) a solitary meal upon some viands brought from a neighbouring *traiteur*.

CHAP.

C H A P. XLIII.

Detail of a Parisian Day.

THE Abbé was punctual to his appointment the following morning, and after breakfast we sallied forth on our expedition.

The first place to which he took me, was the Bibliothèque du Roi, on which he expatiated elaborately, assuring me as we walked from room to room, that the great Ptolomean Library which was ravaged by Cæsar's soldiers, or that of the Vatican, before it was depredated by the Goth-like proceedings of Count Tilly's troops, did not contain so various, so curious, or so well chosen a collection as this :—" The manuscripts are the best worth examination of any thing in the universe (said he) but we must hasten to take a peep at the statue of Voltaire*, just finished by Headdon, in the court below. We have a great deal to see this morning, and must contrive to delay some time at the Palais Royale, as the paintings are divine."

* Since removed to the Comedie Françoise.

After

After going to see a great number of fine things, without staying to examine any one of them, the Abbé declared it was time to think of dining. I begg'd he would first come with me to get a purse of guineas exchanged for louis d'ors; in this request he acquiesced, and the glittering heap I received in lieu of that I gave, seem'd to encrease the partiality and deference, he before expressed for me.

Now (said the Abbé) that we have transacted this business, we will go to the *table d'Hôte Hotel de Bourbon*, where there is always good company.

I agreed in his proposal, and we joined a large company, who were seated at three tables in a spacious apartment. We entered rather late, so took our places, and assisted in demolishing two *potages*, which were the first things served up, and which we dispatched in profound taciturnity. I was beginning to wonder at a silence so contrary to my expectations, when the *Bouilli* made its appearance, which seemed to effect a small relaxation in our reserve. The next course we conversed freely, and by the time the desert was produced, every tongue in the room, except my own, and

and that of a gentleman who sat next to me, was running at full speed.

Hitherto I had been taken little notice of, except by a Chevalier distinguished by a *Croix*, who signalized himself, on the coming in of the second course, by cutting a fowl exactly into twelve pieces; by which manœuvre he had an opportunity of helping every one at our table to a part. I was quickly superseded in his notice, by the entrance of another stranger, and sat silent and unheeded, until I was addressed by a gentleman of the most benignant aspect and past the middle season of life, who sat on my right hand:—He told me (smiling) he perceived by my accent I was a foreigner, and asked me, how this volubility and vociferation sounded in my ear. I answered, I very much admired the wit and vivacity of the French, but could not help lamenting my own want of quickness in comprehending the rapidity of their eloquence, as I was convinc'd through this defect of mine, I lost much useful and entertaining information.—“When I first came here (replied the gentleman) I thought as you do, but experience has convinced me that those who are the most voluble talkers, say least.—This seeming paradox (added he) will be solved with-

out difficulty, by attending to the present discourse."

I was astonished at the freedom with which this gentleman divulged his sentiments, but, though, he did not speak low, he ran no hazard of giving offence to the company: Every individual of whom, was so eager in delivering his own opinions, that he attended to nothing else, and all that could possibly be gathered from this medley of orations, was, that Le Brun was the finest painter, Voltaire the greatest philosopher, and Vestris the most eminent dancer in the universe.

When we quitted the Hotel de Bourbon I asked the Abbé *who* was the gentleman with whose conversation I had been so much pleased, the Abbé replied, he was from Russia, and distinguished by the title of the Baron Wesner, but (added he) he is a cynical sort of person, and I would advise you to avoid his acquaintance: *en vérité* if you wish to associate with good company, you will move only in that circle to which I shall introduce you.

The Baron seems to be a man of sense and information (said I.)

“ *Il est possible* (cried the Abbé, shrugging his shoulders) but for my part, I am very particular in the choice of my acquaintance, and had I not been peculiarly interested by your air, and a certain gracefulness in the *toute ensemble* of your appearance, when we met at the opera; it is more than probable, I never should have had the happiness of conversing with one of the most agreeable persons I ever had the good fortune of knowing.”

The Abbé bow'd low at the conclusion of this speech, and the obligingness of his manner co-operating with my ignorance of the world perfectly deceived me. I could not discover the sycophant under the mask of politeness. I thought his compliment extravagant indeed:—But as Madame de Sevigné says, “ compliments are saddles for all horses,” so I made no difficulty of adjusting this to my feelings.

We returned to my lodging, where the Abbé waited until I changed my dress, and I then accompanied him to the hotel of the Marchioness du Bellay, on our way thither, he used every endeavour to encourage me to appear with eclat, declaring my clothes were *au dernier gout*, and my hair dressed *a merveille*.

We

We found a large company assembled, and I was received in a distinguished manner. The Marchioness did me the honor to enter into a particular conversation with me, which on her part was supported with great spirit, and on mine with many awkward efforts to catch the vivacious manners of the circle. But the ladies declared unanimously, that Monsieur had *un infiniment d'Ésprit*, and a certain *naiweté charmant*. Elated by the obliging attentions paid to me, I felt a high degree of self-complacency, and the kind Abbé said and did a thousand things to set me off to advantage.

At length the company divided into parties for play. This Marchioness asked me to make one in a set at *Biribis*; I endeavoured to excuse myself, alledging I knew nothing of the game. “*Mon Dieu!* (said the Abbé, who stood near me, in a low voice) what madness is this?—you must play, whether you know the game or not, or you are undone for ever.”

Thus warned, I extenuated my *faux pas*, by telling the Marchioness my total ignorance of the game rendered me fearful of being troublesome to the party, but if they would have the goodness to instruct me, I should be happy to be included amongst them.

“ Perhaps

“ Perhaps (said a lady who was at another table) Monsieur would prefer Pharo, as it is a game well known in England.”

“ A lucky thought,” said the Marchioness, and after having consulted me, she consigned me to the care of Madame de Pareau at the Pharo table, where I managed to empty my purse of twenty louis d’ors against the breaking up of the company.

From this assembly the indefatigable Abbé took me to a supper at the Hotel of Monsieur de Florian, who, he informed me was a man of distinguished taste, and author of some of the most admired *Logographes*, published in the *Mercure de France*.

At this party, we met gentlemen only, which was a disappointment to me, who having formed a very high idea of the Parisian *petits soupers*, wished to partake in them. The Abbé presented Monsieur Charles *un gentilhomme Anglois*; and took an opportunity of whispering me, all these I saw here were *Beaux esprit*; but from their conversation I should rather have taken them to belong to the class Monsieur Segrais distinguishes by the title of *les petits esprits*, for they discussed
literary

literary subjects with frivolity, and philosophy *en badinage*.

At length two of the company got into a more than desultory conversation, and entered upon the comparative merits of some French, with some English writers. The works of Pope were most particularly the subject of their animadversion. One of these critics asserted that his translation of the *Iliad* was very far inferior to that of Madame Dacier, and the philosophy of his *Essay on Man* exactly similar to the *System* of poor Pangloss in *Candide*; I could give numerous specimens of the defects of his writings (continued he) but I will confine myself to one*.—Let us examine the *Rape of the Lock*, there we find five books absolutely destitute of action, character, movement, interest, or variety.—A Baron forms a project of cutting off a lock of Belinda's hair,—he cuts it whilst she is drinking her coffee;—this is the whole ground-work of the poem :—We are neither told who is Belinda, nor who is the Baron, nor what was the connection between them,—nothing happens before nor after the lock is cut off.—And laying aside the eloquence of the language (of which I shall not speak) we find nothing but monotonous description—insipid allegories—and witticisms.

* A literal translation of a French criticism published in 1779.

witticisms full as insipid. The Fable of the Sylphs, which the Poet has so unnecessarily borrowed from Count Gabalis, to form the marvellous in his Poem, has produced in it nothing interesting, nothing agreeable. A Sylph appears in a dream to Belinda, and declares she is menaced with a misfortune,—he commands other Sylphs, his companions to watch over her ;—We naturally hope something to arise from this fiction—But lo !—the poor Sylph is cut in two with a scissars.

His antagonist now took up the argument,—
 “ There never was a mock heroic Poem produced in any age or nation (said he) that could stand the test of an Analysis such as you have given. As to the subject, it is unnecessary to say any thing in the vindication of that: it being to the full, as proper a one as the carrying off an old bucket, which is the ground-work of *La Sacchia Rapita* ; or the removal of a crazy pulpit, which forms that of the *Lutrin*. Nor is Homer’s *Battle of the Frogs and Mice* (which I take to be the origin of this species of Poetry) a less unimportant theme :—All that any Poet of this class should consider, is to find a vehicle for the conveyance of delicate satire: And I believe were Longinus and Horace to hold a critical judicature on the work of the English Poet, they
 would

would approve of the vein of irony with which he exposes and rallies the petty foibles and errors of the female sex, and the vanities and affectations which are the theme of his ridicule.

Your next charge is, that we are not told who is the Baron, and who is Belinda.—We may with equal justice ask Boileau who is the Prélat, and who Galotin?—it is only by the notes on his Poem, we know the name of the Prélat was Claude Auvry, and that of Galotin in reality Guéronnet, and by a similar channel of information, we learn that Arabella Fermor was the true appellation of Belinda, and Lord Petre the real title of the Baron.

You observe, that nothing happens either before or after the accomplishment of the Baron's purpose.—Immediately after the exploit of the Baron is avowed to be the subject of the Poem; the author enters on the progressive steps that lead to the event, which does not take place till near the conclusion of the third Canto; after the warnings of Belinda, and her preparations, have been given in detail; the machinery interwoven with the texture of the Poem; and that the Baron has endeavoured to propitiate the powers by petitions, and sacrificed to the Deity of enamorado's all the trophies of his former loves.—The fourth and fifth Cantos are not barren of interest.

The

The descent of the Gnome to the cave of Spleen, the harangues, and the battle of the Beaux and Belles, form a busy scene, and in the conclusion the Baron's depredation is punished by the loss of his prize. And the contested tresses are translated to the skies, there to emulate the hair of Berenice, a *denouement* more consistent with the mock heroic style, than the bringing *True Piety* flying from the Alps to Paris, with *Faith Hope* and *Charity* fluttering about her, to compose the quarrels of the Personages of the *Lutrin*.

If we compare the descriptions and episodes in the English Poem with these in the work of Boileau, we shall find them as well adapted in the one as in the other. The lamentations of Belinda, and the speeches of Clarissa and Thalestris, are to the full as animated as those of the Barber and his Wife; and the wayward power of Spleen, with her attendants, delineated with a pencil, masterly as that which has sketched the * Monster

* “ *Cependant cet Oiseau qui prône les Mer-
veilles,*

“ *Ce Monstre composé de bouches & d'Oreilles,*

“ *Qui sans cesse volant de Climats en Climats,*

“ *Dit par-tout ce qu'il fait & ce qu'il ne fait pas.*

“ *La Renommée enfin, &c. &c.*

Lutrin Chant Second.

Cette description de la Renommée est imitée de Virgile, *Enéide* 4th, v. 147.

composed

composed of ears and mouths which flies incessantly from clime to clime; besides the English Poet's picture is original, and that of the French one confessedly an imitation.

“ For the machinery of the Rape of the Lock there is much to be said,—whoever reads the little work of the Abbé Villiers, entitled ‘ *Compte Gabalis*,’ must give Pope great applause, for the ingenious selection he has made from these fictions, and their well-conducted application. The whole agency of the *Ærial* Personages is perfectly adapted to the events in which they are assistant—every episode contributes to carrying on the main design, and his blending the extravagancies of the Rosicrucian system with a part of the Platonic Theology, renders his design perfect, and gives a finishing to the whole; the incident of the Sylph being wounded, and re-united again, is an imitation of Satan being cut asunder by the angel Michael, in the sixth book of Milton’s *Paradise Lost*.—One thing remarkable is, that throughout the whole piece, the author has avoided the absurdity of intermixing the sacred doctrines of Christianity with the wild chimeras of Heathen Mythology. He has it is true personified *Spleen*, but Voltaire has done the same by *Discord* in the *Henriade*, which being a serious epic Poem, admitted still less of licence than the
Mock

Mock Heroic—even in composition of the latter kind, a farrago of this sort is offensive to correct taste, and the warmest of Boileau's admirers must acknowledge his deviations in this essential particular.

When the company broke up, the Abbé insisted on escorting me part of my way home; as we walked I remarked to him (with many encomiums on the great impartiality with which the dispute had been conducted) the superiority to national prejudice evinced by his countryman in the defence he had made of the writings of Pope.—“ I am glad you remind me (said the Abbé) or I may perhaps have forgot to caution you against ever giving up your attention to any one person, or subject, in so mark'd a manner as you did to-night,—it is quite inconsistent with our idea of politeness; besides, every body in company, except yourself, knew the motive of Monsieur de Falafée's long-winded oration. He is notoriously interested in promoting the proposals lately made for a new translation of all the works of your English Poet, and harangues every where he goes as tediously as he did to-night, to raise curiosity and fill the subscriptions.—He no doubt will reap good fruit from his labours, for he has, (to my knowledge) already won over
many

many of the partisans of our national pre-eminence in Poetry—indeed, let a man promulgate an opinion ever so erroneous and absurd, if he appears to be in earnest, and has abilities sufficient to adduce plausible arguments to support it, he scarcely ever can fail of making proselytes.”

This piece of information made a considerable draw-back upon my admiration of the candour of French criticism.—I parted from the Abbé and returned to my Hotel, very weary, and not a little out of humour at my own want of discernment, which was continually leading me into error by judging from appearances.

C H A P. XLIV.

The Abbé begins to conceive good Hopes of the Author, and puts him into the Hands of an eminent Master for Improvement.

THE Abbé entered my apartment the next day with the air of a person who had welcome tidings to communicate. “ For shame, *mon cher ami* (cried he) why are you not dressed?—don’t you know you must pay your compliments at two toilets this morning?—Ah! (continued he) throwing himself on a *Fauticul*) you are a fortunate man:—The Marchioness thinks you perfectly amiable; and the lovely Madame de Pareau, who play’d in your party, discovered evident tokens of a penchant for you.—You will be the envy of all the men of gallantry in Paris, if you can fix her. I assure you, the whole circle took notice of the effort she had the condescension to make to detach you from the *Biribis* table, and bring you to the party in which she had engaged.—But this billet, which I just now got from her, is a positive proof; in this, she commands me to bring the agreeable stranger

stranger to her assembly this night.—There will be the best company in Paris, and *entre nous*, she has just quarrelled with her *cher ami*, and now is your time to secure his place.”

Being resolved before the Abbé's entrance to spend the day in a continuance of my enquiries for the amiable Miss Montford, I received his intelligence with great *froideur*:—he instantly perceived it, and expressed his astonishment, but I told him gravely, that I had business of consequence to transact, to which I must devote the entire morning, and begged to be excused from visiting the ladies till some other time.

“How! (cried the Abbé) do you consider the consequences of such an omission?—why you would be disregarded for ever in the beau monde, and excluded from all polite society:—Even I should be disgraced for having introduced such a non-conformist to established rules;—you will ruin yourself if you do not alter your manner of behaving to the Ladies. How dreadfully I was confounded last night when you refused engaging at play—what could have induced you to do so?”

I hate

I hate play, (replied I.)

“ *Mon cher Monsieur* (cried he) that is nothing at all to the purpose—*les Hommes de Qualité* always play!—besides you must never refuse to obey a lady's orders, however you may dislike them, unless you would wish to pass for *un barbare*.”

Finding it absolutely in vain to refuse, unless I risked the alternative of utterly disobliging him, I at length complied with his desire, and accompanied him to the hotel of the Marchioness du Bellay. We were instantly admitted to her toilet, and found her giving audience to a counsellor of the Parliament, a colonel adorn'd with a *croix de merite*, and a physician.

After having received our compliments and said some obliging things, she turn'd to the physician, with whom she had been conversing on our entrance: and told him, it was impossible for her to comply with his prescription, or adhere to his regimen, the next day, as she was engaged to go on a party to Versailles.

“ Well then Madame (said the Doctor) on the day after.”

“ It

“ It is utterly out of my power (said the lady) it is Madame La Duchesse de Gesvres night, and I cannot disappoint her upon any consideration in the world.”

“ On Friday then Madame,” (cried the son of Esculapius.)

“ Yes—no—pardon me (returned the Marchioness) Friday will be the first representation of the new Opera, and I must support my party, let the consequence be what it will.”

“ But your malady may gain ground Madame, (cried the Doctor) there is no dallying when health is in danger.”

“ True (said the Marchioness) on Saturday, then, if nothing very material interferes, we will attend to it.”

I had often heard that the Ladies in France speak of every thing, but the address of the Marchioness astonished me notwithstanding, she talked to the Counsellor, of finances; to the Colonel, of military affairs; to the Abbé, of Deism; and to me, of the English constitution; and

and then launched out in a dissertation on the gravitation of Newton, and the vortices of Des Cartes.--Yet amid this melange there was a vivacity of manner, and a fund of information, that rendered her conversation highly agreeable and entertaining.

The Abbé, who seemed to be endued with an intuitive knowledge of all that was passing in my mind, perceived how much I had been pleased with her discourse. As soon as we had made our congé, he complimented me on having acquitted myself extremely well. "Yes, (cried he) I knew you had taste, it only required to be awakened—I saw you listened to the Marchioness with pleasure; our women are indeed charming—they have found out the art of disarming *Time* of those mischievous weapons with which he overturns the sway of the sex in other countries. They retain all the graces and liveliness of youth in the most advanced season of life, and by their wit and accomplishments, have the power of gaining adorers to the latest period of existence:—The Marchioness for instance: What charms! what vivacity!—yet she is near fifty, and by no means in good health."

Can it be ! (exclaimed I) why she looks quite a young woman !—her face——

“ *Mon pauvre enfant* (cried the Abbé) no one sees the real faces of women here.—No lady looks ill unless she has the misfortune of getting bad rouge or fard, and they are particularly careful to guard against that. Why madame de Pareau, to whose toilet I am now conducting you, does not want a day of forty, yet she is one of the most admired women in Paris. Her daughter however it is thought will soon divide the public attention with her, for she is going to be married, and will then make her appearance.”

Why, where has she been hitherto ? (asked I.)

“ In a Convent ever since her childhood ; (answered he) it is the custom with people of condition here, to place their daughters in such a retreat, till the time of their establishment arrives, by which method, parents are eased of numberless cares and inquietudes.”

But does it not sometimes happen (said I) that women who have been thus immured, on being
set

set at liberty, prefer the pleasures of a world that has all the charms of novelty to engage their inclinations, to the sober duties of domestic life?

“ Will you never discard your English notions? (said the Abbé) your ideas are *outré* in an amazing degree;—Do you think the women of Paris must lead such lives as the Roman matrons did?—you may as well imagine that Portia should punt at Pharo, or the mother of the Gracchi dance a cotillon. Fashion is the sole guide of peoples actions; so long as you conform to that, you will meet with countenance and approbation here; But beware of singularity, and never deliver opinions that militate against general practice, or you will be as welcome a guest as Diogenes was when he sallied out with his lantern at noon-day.”

Our arrival at the dwelling of Madame de Pareau put an end to our discourse.—Her levee was still better attended than that of the Marchioness, and here I heard a great variety of topics of taste and literature agreeably discussed; but *la Belle Passion* was the principal subject. “ I suppose (said Madame de Pareau, addressing herself to me) you English are such

enthusiasts in liberty that it is a difficult task to force you to surrender your hearts." I bow'd and replied, *She* could not possibly find it so. "*En verité* (said she, turning to the rest of the company) these Islanders have been strangely mis-represented;—no man of gallantry in Paris could have answered more judiciously: I am charmed with your politeness and wit Monsieur, (again addressing me) and will, if you chuse to accept of the office, dub you my Knight." I told her I should glory in such a title more than in any the grand Monarque had to bestow. "Well then (returned she) I from henceforth depute you to support the power of my charms, at all tilts and tournaments whatsoever, and to combat all adventurers, slay all dragons,—and take into custody all Magicians who shall oppose or gain-say the establishment of my pre-eminence."

I had mustered up all my abilities to form a reply, which should not derogate from my newly acquired reputation for gallantry, but the attention of Madame de Pareau was snatched from me, by an appeal:—Two *petits maitres*, who were disputing about false attrition, came to her to decide between them. They waited her opinion with as much gravity as if she had been a most able theologian. This being a theme entirely beyond

beyond my sphere of knowledge, I readily acceded to a motion the Abbé made, to retire. As soon as we departed, he congratulated me with an air of pleasure on my having acquitted myself with such eclat. “ The powers of your mind are now put into action (said he) and you will soon catch the finished ton of elegance.”

I was highly elated with the approbation I received, yet I could not help perceiving that the compliments which I had addressed to Madame de Pareau contain'd nothing more than gross flattery, although they had received the stamp of wit and politeness.

The Abbé ran on with encomiums upon the towardly disposition I was beginning to manifest. “ I have heretofore taken much pains with two of your countrymen (said he) but after many efforts was obliged to give up the attempt :—One was a votary of Bacchus ;—The other (as Sylvio in *Il Pastor Fido*, preferred the company of his dog Melampo to that of the nymphs) forsook the ladies to follow the delights of the chase ; but of you I form the most sanguine hopes :—nothing stands in the way of your attaining the

graces

graces but a few obsolete prejudices, which I entreat you to shake off as expeditiously as you can, for prejudices of all kinds are absurd; and here people of good breeding despise them."

Pardon me (said I) I cannot join in your opinion in one point, some prejudices are necessary as being essential to virtue, and obtain the approbation of judgment on being brought to the test.

"You English (returned he) are the slaves of your own systems, and found all your errors upon deep thinking.—But you should endeavour to catch a little of our volatility, or you will make a strange figure amongst us, and be totally disqualified for conversation."

A propos of conversation (cried I) was not the subject just now for the entertainment of Madame de Pareau, somewhat *outré*?

"Not at all (returned he) the Rector of St. Sulpice last Sunday took it into his head to preach on false attrition:—Madame de Pareau the next morning signalized herself by some very witty ridicule on his sermon; it was therefore

fore the highest compliment those gentlemen could pay to her, to convince her that a subject she had honoured with her notice, had so much engrossed their thoughts, as to set them upon studying a controversy which had long been forgotten."

Thoroughly satisfied with this explanation I ceased my enquiries, and we soon reached my hotel. The servant who let us in, informed me the gentleman I had sent for was above in my apartment, and had waited some time. I was surprised at this intelligence, having made no appointment whatsoever; but the Abbé, laughing, told me, it was he who had made an assignation in my name. "*Mon cher ami* (said he) I detest telling disagreeable truths, but it is the province of friendship to do so. I am sorry to tell you that your manner of making a bow, was very much disapproved of last night, and as it is my wish that you should appear with perfect eclat, I have agreed with a celebrated Dancing-Master to give you the instructions indispensibly necessary."

Pardon me (said I) I am highly indebted to your zeal of serving me, but there is something too ridiculous in the idea of a grown gentleman learning

learning to dance, for me to put myself into such a situation.

“ *Mon Dieu!* (exclaimed he) nothing is so common :—People of all ages here are obliged to have the constant attendance of a professor of this sort, or the admired performers of one season would not know how to move the next. Dancing is a science here!—and a science of more consequence to a man of Fashion than Geometry, Astronomy, or any other in the Pedant’s abstruse circle.”

By this time we reached my apartment where we were addressed by a glittering and highly perfumed personage, who the Abbé informed me was Monsieur Champignon.

Monsieur Champignon bowed profoundly, and assured me, my person was the best calculated in the world for excelling either in the *pas grave*, or the *pas de Rigadoon*, and laying down his *Chapeau Bras*, prepared to take me in hand directly : but I begged to be excused, saying my time of staying in Paris would be so much engaged in other things that I should not have leisure to attend to his lessons.

“ Monsieur

“ Monsieur Charle too (said the Abbé) objects to any but children’s learning to dance.”

“ *Mon Dieu!* (exclaimed Monsieur Champignon) *est il possible*,—Why dancing is an art whose rudiments only can be attained by children ;—Its powers, its graces, its dignity and pathos require the understanding of adults to comprehend them :—The great Socrates learned to dance when he was an old man.”

Finding it in vain to argue, I was forc’d to submit, and spent the remainder of the morning in learning to step forward, bend my body, and throw back my head.—The Abbé kindly superintended the instructions I received, and on Monsieur Champignon’s taking leave, he declared he had good hopes of me, and did not doubt but that with a few weeks repetition of his lessons, and constant practice before a looking-glass ; I would be fit to come into a room.

This grand business over, the Abbé declared it was time to think of dining.—“ Come (said he) variety constitutes the chief pleasure of life, we will therefore forsake the croud this day, and dine *tête a tête*, at the Restorateurs.” I acquiesced in this proposal,—he directed the bill of

fare, and I paid the expences of the entertainment. When the hour for attending the *assemblée* of Madame de Pareau arrived, we emerged into a round of gaiety and frivolity, exactly similar to that of the preceding evening, except one circumstance in my favour, which was, that tho' unsuccessful, I did not lose quite so much at play, as I had done the night before.

CHAP. XLV.

In which the Author discovers his Finances will not answer the Demands on them.--Adventure at a Shop.—Dismissal of the Dancing-master.—Strictures on Sincerity by the Abbé.

VARIETY, dissipation and vanity being all enemies to reflection, she obtruded not her visit on me until the following day, when she watched the lonely morning hour to beset me. I found her a troublesome guest, as she ever must be to those who deviate from rectitude or from prudence. But to stop the allegory:—I considered this was only the eighth day since I left London, and that in travelling expences, the purchase of cloaths, and my disbursements of various kinds, I had exhausted one hundred pounds of the two with which I had been furnished, by the bounty of Lady Bruin.—This was not a pleasing circumstance to a man who knew not what resource to try when his stock should be run out, and I forthwith began to form a plan of an immediate retrenchment, and scheme of œconomy. I easily perceived I had not got up-

on
D

on a saving course of living, in forming an acquaintance in the line of those to whom the Abbé had presented me, but to a person accustomed as I had been, to move in a genteel sphere, this could not occasion any deep regret. On the contrary, I persuaded myself, that it was only by associating with those of high rank and opulent circumstances I could make friends powerful or disinterested enough to assist in raising my fortunes.—I ought to have known something of the fallacy of this judgment by my own experience; but wiser men than I was, are prone to turn their ears from the voice of reason, and listen to the suggestions of inclination; what then could be expected from undirected simplicity, and heedless youth?—Even that which arose from my reflections, convictions void of utility, and resolutions void of effect.

Being however determined to renew my search after Miss Montford, I arose early, and sallied out, leaving a billet to be delivered to the Abbé when he called, appointing to meet him at dinner at the hotel de Bourbon.

I sauntered from church to church, and street to street, examining every face, and looking into every shop in my way, but after being thoroughly

roughly wearied with my research, was obliged to relinquish the hope with which I had flattered myself. I was returning home very much dejected at my disappointment, when my notice was engaged, by the shop of a petit mercier, at which it occurred to me to apply for information; I entered it, and made my enquiry. The Mistress answered my demand with much civility, and was quite *au desespoir* at not being able to give me any account of the Lady I sought. She also observed that Monsieur appeared *bien fatigué*, and entreated I would walk into her *Parloir*, and do her the honour of taking a seat to rest myself.

Being in reality a good deal tired, I accepted her offer, and was ushered into an apartment, where a number of young girls were employed in afforting ribands. Here I had not sat long when the obliging lady of the house was called away (to her infinite regret as she assured me) to receive the commands of a customer—but it was easy to distinguish that it was not one of her profitable ones, for I heard her (in rather an angry tone) exclaim, “*Mon Dieu!* how can you think that I must give you credit, because you are in distressed circumstances—I shall do no such thing

thing I assure you !”—My curiosity was excited by her words, and I immediately followed her to the shop, where I beheld a genteel looking (tho’ pale and emaciated) young woman, entreating her to trust her this once.—“ I have (said she, in a voice broken by sobs) never fail’d in my payments for the materials I bought to employ myself for the support of a hapless family, but I have been afflicted with sickness for a month past, which has been the cause of my deficiency ; and, if you will have the charity to advance me a little more, I solemnly declare I will be doubly diligent at my work, until you are paid the whole—oh do not for pity sake refuse my prayer.

Finding this pathetic address was wholly disregarded by the person to whom it was made, I asked the young woman how much the debt amounted to ? with great surprize I heard it was only a few livres : I directly drew two louis d’ors from my purse, and bid her with that money discharge the demand, and purchase the materials for her work. I then hurried away to avoid the effusions of the poor girl’s gratitude, and the expressions of approbation bestow’d by the shop woman, on what she called my generosity to one she declared to be a very deserving object.

jeft.—A writer whose difcernment in human nature is unqueftionable, has well analysed that fentiment by which ſhe was actuated to praife a liberality ſhe could not practice.—“ Almost every mans thoughts (ſays he) while they are general are right, and moſt hearts are pure while temptation is away ; it is eaſy to glow with benevolence when there is nothing to be given : while ſuch ideas are form'd they are felt, and ſelf love does not ſuſpect the gleam of virtue to be the meteor of fancy.”

On my return home I found the obſequious Monſieur Champignon waiting for me. I was happy in meeting him thus ſeparate from his ally the Abbé and ſeized the opportunity to diſmiſs him. He heard me ſignify my intention with an air of ſurpriſe, wondered I could be ſo much my own enemy as to reſuſe the inſtructions he wou'd be charm'd to have the honour of giving me, and beg'd I wou'd conſider better before I determined on a meaſure that wou'd be ſo extremely prejudicial to my welfare.

I remained inexorable to all his arguments and telling him my time muſt be otherwiſe employ'd preſented him with a demi louis for the trouble he had taken in viſiting me, but he drew back
his

his hand and beg'd leave, with the utmost respect, to observe that his demand upon me was for seventy two livres, as Monsieur l'Abbé had agreed with him to attend me a month, and give me a lesson every day.—It was in vain for me to expostulate that I had only received one lesson, and that the remainder of the time agreed upon wou'd be at his own disposal, he told me that signified nothing, that he had arranged his *engagements* in consequence of the agreement, and must be considered accordingly.

Having received the amount of his demand, he made me a most profound reverence, took the liberty of reminding me with infinite humility that I seem'd to have form'd an opinion of the art he professed very derogatory to its dignity, and importance, and hoped I wou'd, on mature deliberation, think differently and do him the honour of recalling him ; when he shou'd find the greatest pleasure in obeying my commands.

This affair concluded, I open'd a billet I found on my table, it was from the Abbé who had call'd whilst I was abroad.—He had agreed to meet at dinner, and inform'd me he had engaged

gaged me to attend Madame de Pareau to the Opera that evening.

At the appointed hour I repair'd to the Hotel d'Bourbon, where I met the Baron Wefner; he immediately recognized me, and enter'd into a conversation which lasted, till the arrival of the Abbé; on seeing him advance towards us, the Baron drew off, with an air of disapprobation, too strongly mark'd to escape the Abbé's notice; but to my great surprize the Abbé seem'd extremely assiduous to recommend himself to his good graces, and bore several pointed sarcasms from him with much submission. To me the Baron's address was totally different; and it amazed me how his countenance cou'd alternately display such strong traits of benignity and contempt.

The Abbé, who did not seem highly pleased with his situation, hurried me away immediately at the conclusion of our repast. When we came to the bar to pay for our dinner, he put his hand in his pocket, and was quite surprized to find he had not any money about him. " I am the most giddy fellow in the world (said he laughing.) But come you must give me some of your louis for the evening's service, it being such a journey to my abode, that were I to go home

home for any, we should not be in time to attend on Madame de Pareau; which would be an offence of the most unpardonable nature.

This was rather a disagreeable levy, but I instantly complied, and five louis d'ors being the sum he required, I accommodated him. His vivacity, which during the time of dinner was a good deal under curb, now broke forth with redoubled brilliancy, but mine did not by any means keep pace with it. He was too good a physiognomist not to penetrate the uneasiness I strove to disguise. "You appear buried in chagrin (said he) what is the subject of contemplation that renders you thus *distrain*?"

Somewhat at a loss for a reply, I said I was thinking that I had misapprehended what he mentioned relative to Baron Wefner the first day of my going to the Hotel de Bourbon.

"You puzzle me (cried he) I do not understand you."

I suppose (said I) you had some reason to alter the opinion you then expressed, or you would not seem eager for his acquaintance.

The

The Abbé regarded me for some time with attention before he answered.—“ From a person (said he) accustomed to the English clumsy sincerity, such an observation is natural enough, but let me ask you is it a proper procedure to shew the people you converse with your real sentiments, if they are such as may offend them? Politeness declares it to be quite otherwise; besides, self-love steps in as the ally of Politeness, and confirms her decision. The world is made up of honest men and knaves, wise men and fools, men of honour and scoundrels; we cannot select from the group in every instance; we must live with them *all*, and sound policy enjoins us to do it upon good terms. *Mon Dieu!* what endless dissensions and cutting of throats we should have if we were to act otherwise.”——

You misunderstand my meaning (said I) I am far from wishing to recommend or practice that brutal rudeness, which excites people to hurt the feelings of those with whom they converse, but surely there is no necessity for acting so disingenuously, as to insinuate that we respect and esteem those we in reality despise.

“ Some wise men have thought otherwise (replied he;) Terence in his *Andrian* observes
 ‘ that

‘ that obsequiousness conciliates friends,’ nor is the injury done to truth, so heinous as you imagine ; for all people who know the world, play the same game, and it is a thousand to one but those you flatter, pay you back in your own coin.”

A pretty sort of traffic truly (said I), so you sacrifice sincerity, without even being able to establish your intended imposition.

“ It is a maxim of the great Rochefoucault (said the Abbé) that men would not live long in society if they were not the mutual dupes of one another. There is a certain *Façon de Parler*, which like paper currency bears an imaginary value, and by universal consent passes as well as coin of intrinsic weight.”

I should be in continual dread of a general bankruptcy (said I) where the shadow of worth is substituted for the substance.

The Abbé tired of an obstinacy all his sophistry could not vanquish, proposed our taking a turn in the Tuileries until the time for waiting on Madame de Pareau arrived, to this I assented,

I assented, and endeavoured to rally my spirits and good humour with such success, that the Abbe appeared quite charmed with my vivacity.

We attended Madame de Pareau and some other ladies of her party, to the Opera, and took our seats *dans les Premiers loges*; the piece performed was a delightful composition of Gluck, and the Abbé perceiving me likely to approve it, whispered me by no means to give it the least attention. “ It would be an affront to Madame (said he) to notice any thing but herself, when she has done you the distinguished honour to chuse you for her attendant; besides, she is an avowed Piccinist, and comes here only to find faults, which will enable her to overthrow the reputation of the composition.”

I smiling told the Abbé he was as useful a guide to me as Mentor had been to Telemachus. “ Aye (returned he) but instead of instigating you to forsake your goddess, like that ungallant adviser, it is my wish to draw the bands of your allegiance firmer.

From the Opera our party went by invitation to the Hotel of the Marchioness du Bellay,
where

where there was deep play, which in spite of the Abbé's rémonstrances, I declined, and only ventured a few louis at Pharo (which was the favourite game of Madame de Pareau) and according to my usual fortune I lost on every card I set upon.

C H A P. XLVI.

*Specimen of Friendship A-la-mode, Distress of a
Man who finds himself alone in a Crowd.*

THE same routine of living had now continued for upwards of a month, during which time, notwithstanding my utmost prudence and a lucky hit, I made by taking up some betts at billiards, at a house where the Abbé had brought me, my stock of cash was almost entirely expended. I had received many lectures on politeness, and *savoir vivre*, with much adulation, from the Abbé, and many bewitching smiles from the lovely Madame de Pareau, but all these advantages were not sufficient to support my spirits under the apprehensions of approaching want and a conviction that my plan of advancement would not succeed thro' the means of any connections I had hitherto form'd.—I perceived, that like a bowl which had taken a wrong bias, the further I proceeded, I should run the more widely from my goal.

I was

I was indulging those reflections in a very melancholy mood, when the Abbé entered my apartment. “ I am come (said he with a gay air) from Madame de Pareau, to command your attendance on her to Versailles ; it will be a most delightful party, so hasten to equip yourself.”— I told him it was out of my power to avail myself of the pleasure he proposed, and on his teasing me to comply, ventured to hint that the expences I incurred in my course of living, were unsuitable to my circumstances.

The Abbé started and look’d aghast on this eclaircissement, altho’ not delivered in the worst colours.—*Mon Dieu !* (cried he) sure you are not serious ! sure you are a man of fortune !”—In fine, the touch of the Torpedo could not so effectually or suddenly benumb the feeling of *Mon cher ami*, as the idea of my poverty froze his friendship ; and although (before I had made this fatal discovery) he declared the party could not possibly do without me, as there would be no happiness if I were absent; yet, he very readily took upon him the care of apologizing for me to Madame de Pareau, and took his leave with the most apparent indifference.

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The manner in which he had received the intelligence I imparted, was so decided, as to deprive me of all reliance [on his assistance; yet how to strike out any plan to obtain a subsistence I was totally at a loss.—Sure destiny (said I) has doom'd me to be the sport of chance—every avenue that stands open to others, seems barr'd to oppose my access—who will interest themselves, or exert their efforts on the behalf of an unrecommended unconnected stranger as I am? Alas! where I had claims to friendship and kindness, I found only neglect and ingratitude.

I spent a solitary day, and restless night, in so much that I lay in bed till late the next day. The Abbé who had hitherto distressed me with the uncommon earliness of his visits, broke not in upon my retirement; although his absence relieved me from much constraint in my freedom of action and opinion, yet I knew not how to enjoy my newly recovered liberty. I had been so accustomed to live with the gay world, that solitude had lost its charms; and in the course of the morning, being grown quite sick of my meditations, I dressed, and went to pay a visit to Madame de Pareau. I found her, as usual, encompassed with a croud. I paid my devoirs

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with my accustomed assiduity, but met with a reception very different from what she was wont to give me: the smiles of approbation, with which my attentions had heretofore been received, were withdrawn, and a certain air of haughtiness and *froid* of expression, succeeded in their place. I felt extremely mortified at this alteration, and experienced for the first time that a man's pride may be hurt, by a woman who cou'd not touch his heart: I could as soon have entertained a serious passion for my grandmother, as for Madame de Pareau; but the idea of being beloved by a woman so generally admired as she was, I looked upon as too flattering a circumstance to be resigned without regret. However, her visible *hauteur*, soon gave her lovers their cue, and I was treated with such palpable neglect by the whole circle, as obliged me, however reluctantly, to put an end to my visit.

From this Hotel, I repaired to that of the Marchioness, where I was informed by the servants, their lady did not see company, although I saw them give admittance to two gentlemen just before I presented myself. I turned off much nettled at perceiving my visits had been interdicted. Just as I quitted the door I met the

Abbé

Abbé coming towards me. “ *Mon Dieu! Monsieur Charle*, (exclaimed he) is it you? I did not expect to see you here.”

“ I can readily believe (said I) that my presence was not desired, either by the Marchioness, or Madame de Pareau, but it cannot be deem'd extraordinary that I should presume to visit at houses where my company has been so frequently and earnestly solicited.

“ You seem chagrin'd Monsieur (said he) and it is not at all difficult to discern the cause. It is evident to every body, that you envy the good fortune of the young Neopolitan Nobleman, Signior Bertolini, whom Madame de Pareau, has within those three days, permitted to be introduced to her; but allow me to tell you, you will for ever forfeit the favour of the Ladies here, if you shew the least indication of a jealous temper—there is not a woman in Paris but would hate a lover of that description, even more than she does her husband.”—

I should rather imagine (said I) that women who encourage a plurality of addresses have too little delicacy of sentiment to resent degrading suspicions.”

“ I have not Quixotism enough to make war on these outré opinions (returned he coldly) but I would have you understand that the English idea of constancy, is held by us to be the most laughable thing in nature.—Love is a mere bagatelle, and a fine woman, like a great conqueror, flies eagerly from conquest to conquest, still more intent on encreasing the number of her victories, than on securing these she has gain'd, nor does her fickleness merit blame ; for perseverance, in attachments of this sort, as a great writer justly observes, is only the duration of sentiments and inclinations we can neither create nor extinguish.

Equally shock'd and disgusted at the want of delicacy, and relaxed system of morals, evinc'd by my quondam friend, I urged the conversation no farther. He seemed more eager to be gone, than he ever had been to force his company on me, and we parted with visible mutual dislike of each other's society.

I fauntered about a great part of the day, to drive away my unpleasing reflections, but at length observing the walks deserted, and that all genteel-looking people had retired to their dinners,

ners, I bent my steps to my own lodgings. Here (said I) tho' I am banished from society, I yet can hide from contempt; but, alas! I soon must relinquish this shelter, and encounter all the scorn and hardship that my fate has decreed, and my imprudence accelerated! Of all the children of wretchedness, these sure suffer the severest pangs who have the stings of self-condemnation, mingled with the woes fortune has destined them to endure. Magnanimity, which is one of the most powerful sustaining principles of the human race in the season of adversity, cannot exist in a mind humbled by the consciousness of error, and labouring under the harrowing regret of remorse for follies condemned and abhorred by remembrance.

C H A P.

C H A P. XLVII.

In which the Author's Discernment is much improved.—And he receives some good Advice.

THE next day at dinner-time, I determined to go to the Hotel de Bourbon, where the Abbé usually dined, in order to enforce payment of the money I had advanced him, which I was now upon the point of wanting. I had written a billet to this purpose in the morning, and sent it to his lodging, but he dismissed my messenger, desiring to inform me he was too much hurried to write, but wou'd call on me, and settle it.

On my entrance at the Hotel de Bourbon, I found a new set of company already seated at dinner, but no sign of the Abbé. The Baron Wefner came in soon after me, and addressed me with particular complacency. He enquired how I came to be disengaged from my Ciceroni the Abbé.—I told him I expected to have met him at dinner, but supposed he had been detained by some particular engagement.—Yes, (cried the

the Baron) I suppose he has started some new prey, I hope he has not run you too hard, for he seldom forsakes his friends whilst they will give him any thing, or that he can turn them to his own advantage."

Upon the Baron's making this explicit avowal of his opinion, I requested he would let me a little into the character of a man who had fastened himself upon me rather against my inclination. "It is his way (replied the Baron) he is jackall to a set of titled sharpers, and makes out an infamous livelihood by luring strangers into their toils. He is of good address and insinuating manners, and the apparent opulence of his associates, tends to deceive the unwary, who are flattered with the idea of being introduced to the best company in Paris, when, in reality, they are only sacrificed to a Coterie, who are despised and shunn'd by those who merit that title, and whose manners and principles are totally different from the system of the worthy and virtuous part of the nation. When I first came here he endeavoured to engage my friendship, in order to practise some of his arts upon me, but he could not succeed in his attempts. Old men do not readily form friendships, not (as Aristotle asserts) 'because they are not easily susceptible

susceptible of pleasure,' but because experience makes them cautious of entering into connections, often abused and easily embittered."

Would to heaven (said I) that I had been endowed with some degree of this prudent caution, for it might have guarded me against those arts by which I have been so miserably duped.—

"Your friend the Abbé (return'd the Baron) laments the connection still more than you do.— I met him here yesterday, and took that occasion to enquire for you, (he answer'd, with an expressive shrug") that he knew nothing about you. I have been too incautious (added he) I form'd an acquaintance with this young man accidentally, but for the future I will not patronize any stranger, who is not properly introduced to me, or who does not bring recommendatory letters: I presented Monsieur Charle to a great number of persons of distinction my friends, they countenanced him upon my credit; and, *entre nous*, I have reason to think he is nobody, *certainment*, he has all the narrow prejudices and illiberal sentiments that characterize the vulgar; it was a sad mistake, but I will be more guarded for the time to come, one may forfeit ones credit by such *faux pas*.—"

I cou'd

I could not hear this recital of the Abbé's harangue without feeling a high degree of resentment.—On the conclusion of the Baron's discourse, I vow'd to chastise my *cher ami* for his impertinent insinuations; 'take my advice (said the Baron) and have no more to say to him, rather thank your stars for being disengaged from him before he had materially injured you. You will meet complaisant persons enough, that will be ready to take his place, who will make you a thousand flattering assurances, and devote themselves apparently to your service, but remember, that professions and appearances are always to be distrusted." I thanked the Baron for the cautions he gave me, and began to inveigh against a country, where deceit and flattery were the predominant propensities; the Baron interrupted me, "you are a young man (said he) when you are longer acquainted with the world, you will find that the virtues or the vices are not attached to any particular soil. Human nature is the same every where, however differently modified by customs or fashions. You will find people to deceive—to betray—to flatter your follies, and impose on your weaknesses where-ever you go. You will also frequently meet with worth and wisdom in regions where vanity and dissipation seem to govern the multitude. The supports of

firmness of mind, and prudence of conduct are equally requisite in every country of the universe, and it is only on *yourself* you can rely for security against arts that are every where practised; here indeed artifice wears its most insidious form, but it is the business of good sense, at once to develop the disguises assumed to deceive us, and control the internal impulses of that self-conceit which renders us the easy prey of every specious imposition."

The Baron observing that his discourse had made all the impression he wish'd, now introduced another topic.—After we had drank coffee, he requested if I was not particularly engaged, I would accompany him to see a favourite piece of his performed. It was the *Horace* of P. Corneille, and it was well played; the high-wrought distress of the scene interested and affected me strongly, insomuch that I thought it necessary to apologize to the Baron for so long withdrawing my attention from him, to devote it to the stage.—"Make no excuses (said he) for indulging feelings which indicate a good heart. This turn of disposition is amiable, nor would I wish to suppress it; although I fear there is much truth in the observation of a writer, who says, 'strong sensibilities and warm affections, whilst they pre-
dispose

dispose the mind to receive the finest impressions of happiness, also fit us to experience the utmost severity of misery : yet the kind offices of humanity, the tender charities of life, depend so much upon this temper, that a friend of mankind will never wish to steel the human heart with stoical apathy, or establish the dictates of selfishness in opposition to those of compassion.”—

After the play we supp'd at the Restaurateurs, and at our parting, the Baron desired my company to dinner at his own lodgings the ensuing day. I promised to attend him with great pleasure, and taking leave returned home to revolve a conversation which had given me a greater insight in the ways of the world than all the Abbés Lectures on *bon ton*, and *savoir vivre*.

C H A P. XLVIII.

*In which the Author makes a new Acquaintance ;
and is separated from a useful Friend.*

WHEN the hour for attending the Baron arrived, I presented myself at his Hotel, and met a most gracious reception. He was alone, but he told me (smiling) not to be frightened with the idea of a stupid tête à tête, for he expected more company. I assured him with great truth that his conversation would afford me more pleasure than any addition to our party could possibly do. “ You are very obliging (said he) but it is not natural that young people should find the society of these who are advanced in years as pleasing as that of their equals in age. It is impossible for youth to relish that gravity which length of time, and repeated strokes of calamity infallibly bring ; nor is it easy for elderly people to adapt their manners to the taste of youth, without exposing themselves to ridicule and contempt. It is rather difficult to hit the happy medium between ‘ the lively and severe,’ which renders men tolerable companions, notwithstanding a disparity of ideas and pursuits.

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I was strongly inclined to tell him that altho' I had numbered but few years, I had known calamities enough to depress my vivacity ; but I was restrained by recollecting that it is not the prevailing custom of the world to befriend the unhappy. It appeared to me that the most infallible method of gaining friends was not to seem in need of any assistance. I had been so unfortunate as to form my connections amongst worthless people, and my disgust at the ill usage I had received from them led me into the injustice of judging of the aggregate of mankind by the few I had known.

The Baron proceeded to tell me one of the guests he expected was a young countryman of mine, of the name of Filmer.—“ I think him (said he) in a pitiable situation. He is perfectly his own master, and has an income of £.5000. per Annum at his disposal ; add to this that he knows nothing of the world, and indeed is ignorant of every thing but fox-hunting and pushing about the bottle, and you may conceive what a prey he is likely to prove to the harpies that seek to devour the unwary.—He has been introduced to me (pursued the Baron) by the Marquis de Genlis, to whom he brought letters of recommendation : the Marquis and I form'd a friendship during his residence

dence as Ambassador at Russia. And as I wish to pay attention to every one he patronizes, I have invited Filmer to meet him here to day."

The entrance of the company, put an end to this conversation, the Baron presented me to all his guests, as one who stood high in his esteem; Mr. Filmer seemed quite delighted to meet persons who cou'd converse in English, as he neither spoke or understood the French language; deprest'd as my spirits were I could not help being diverted at the detail of the embarrassments he had suffer'd on this score.—I never recollected (said he) until I got to this side of the water, that it was necessary to know something of their d—d lingo.—At Calais, the Landlord and the Waiters understood me well enough, which lured me further on, or I actually believe I would have gone back to England, and pitch'd the grand tour to the D—l; but since my arrival here I have been in a pretty situation truly; if I ask to be help'd to veal, I get water; and when I call for beer, it is ten to one but I get butter. Unless I can get an interpreter in my family, I am in danger of being starved, and set distracted by the mistakes and contentions of my French and English servants. I wanted a Cook, and a fellow came to be hired, but on my asking if he was a *Coquin* (which

(which I took to be the French for the word Cook) he flew out of the house sputtering like mad: in fine, only their Burgundy and Champaigne is so good, and that it wou'd look shabby to return home without my errand, I wou'd soon take my leave of soup meagre and kickshaws.'

Our entertainment was extremely elegant, and the general conversation agreeable and well supported. When the company were breaking up, Filmer shook me heartily by the hand, and told me he would be glad of my further acquaintance. I received his overtures readily, and promised I would visit him soon; he gave me a direction to his Hotel, and bade me farewell.—

After the departure of the rest of the company, the Baron and I went to the Opera, where we were well entertained, as the piece represented happened fortunately to be a neutral one, and was therefore tolerated both by the Picciniſts and Gluckiſts.

On the following morning I accompanied the Baron to Versailles, where we spent the day very agreeably. On our return to Paris he found some letters which had been brought by the Post in his absence; he begg'd my permission to read them,

them, and seem'd very much agitated on their perusal. He clapp'd his hand to his forehead, started from his seat, and walk'd several turns about the room, without seeming to be sensible that any person was present. I felt a high degree of concern for the visible distress he suffer'd, and an interest for his happiness sincere as if he had been a friend of many years standing; sure it must be some sympathetic impulse of similar minds, which thus suddenly forms the bonds of perfect amity.—The friendship of dissimilar souls, like a hot-house plant, needs much care to rear its growth: whilst that of kindred natures like the product of kindly soils, and genial suns, spontaneously starts into vigour and beauty."

I awaited the conclusion of the Baron's reverie in profound silence—at length he recover'd his attention, and apologized for the rudeness he involuntarily had committed. "I have received some intelligence (said he) which deeply affects me and I know you have too much goodness not to make allowance for a mind overwhelm'd with anxiety."

It is I (replied I) who shou'd apologize for thus breaking in upon your sorrows, but my heart will not allow me to leave you, till I know
if

I can in any measure assist or serve you.—If my best exertions, my utmost diligence, can be useful, you cannot gratify me more highly than by commanding them.

“ Good young man (cried he taking my hand, which was uplifted in the action of entreaty) I was not deceived in the judgment I form’d of you, cherish those dispositions, they will lead you to happiness, if not in this transient scene, in a state of existence where felicity is permanent. As to myself (continued he) my woes are of a nature not to be mitigated or aided by the efforts your kindness would prompt you to make—they arise from circumstances quite removed from my present situation, and lay me under a necessity of leaving Paris directly.”

I heard his determination with infinite regret, and express’d my feelings with an energy I could not suppress—he was visibly affected with my earnestness and assured me he would remember it with gratitude. But observing that he wish’d to devote his attention wholly to his own affairs, I judg’d my assiduity only tended to embarrass him; I therefore reluctantly arose to go, and on his not desiring me to prolong my stay (with a heavy heart) I bid him adieu.

I can-

I cannot describe the feelings of my mind on quitting his presence. One generous spirit (said I) was inclined to commiserate my woes—one person only in this wide universe. took pains to sooth my distresses, or shewed the least wish to direct or assist me, and he is now snatch'd from me—sure some fatality attends me, and it is dangerous to be my friend! Nor were my sorrows merely selfish, for the afflictions of the worthy and truly respectable Baron, constituted an equal part in them.

I could not form the most distant idea of the nature of those circumstances which called the Baron so suddenly away. I made a thousand conjectures, all equally unsatisfactory, but at length concluded, it must be the ill conduct, or ill usage, of some near and dear connection, which rendered him unhappy. Perhaps (thought I) some Wife insensible to the happiness of a virtuous union, or some Child incapable of estimating a parent whose wisdom is attempered by sweetness, and whose authority can never be exerted but with temperance, afflicts his generous spirit. Had heaven bestowed on me a father like him, how wou'd I venerate, how wou'd I love him!—Oh thou great author of existence, who seest the distresses of thy
creatur e

creatures thus strnggling in the intricate toils of life, and who approve the virtuous mind, give to him that comfort his affliction requires, and his goodness deserves.

C H A P. XLIX.

Good unexpected—Evil unforeseen.

FOR two days after the Baron's departure, my spirits were so low, that I sought neither company nor amusement; the third morning I was sitting in my apartment in a very pensive mood, when I was surprized by the appearance of an ecclesiastic, whose looks were so placid and benignant, as to obtain my respect the moment I beheld him: indeed there is something in the countenance of persons of the sacred function (when they are seriously attached to the interests of *another state*) that impresses awe upon the most profligate beholders, and reverence upon the most volatile. I received him with profound respect, and he (enquiring my name, and being satisfied in this particular) told me, he was commissioned by a person, who was no stranger to the impositions practised on me by a set of sharpers, to deliver me a purse, which the donor requested I would not make an ill use of."

He

He immediately presented me with the purse, and arose to depart. I entreated he would inform me to whom I was indebted for this bounty, but he answered, he was not at liberty to divulge the name of the person who sent it, and begg'd I would rest satisfied.—

After his departure, I examined the purse, and found in it, one hundred louis d'ors; this was a welcome supply to a man who was reduced to a few livres, and involved in some debts he had been hopeless of discharging. I puzzled myself with forming conjectures of the quarter it came from, and after much deliberation, concluded, as it was now a time of penitence (the Advent being commenced) it was a retribution from some of those who had won my money unfairly; and its being brought by a Clergyman gave a colour to my conjecture.

The first use I made of my new acquisition was to satisfy the demands of those to whom I was indebted. I discharged the bills of my Landlady, my Traiteur, and my Hair-dresser, and paid off and dismissed a *Valet de Place*, whom in the days of my folly, I had hired to attend me. This business settled, I sat down to consider what
course

course was most advantageous to pursue, and, after much deliberation, resolved to travel to Bourdeaux, and there take ship for Ireland, where my good-hearted acquaintance Rymer, was now, I supposed, settled. I cou'd not, without taking shame to myself, reflect on my never having written to inform him of the reverses of fortune I had experienced since our separation. I was surprized at my neglect in this particular, but the confusion of my thoughts immediately previous to my leaving England, and the hurry in which I had been immersed since my arrival in France, accounted for it. On Rymer's friendship, I was convinced I could rely, and on his protection I was determined to throw myself for advice and assistance.

Just as I had come to this resolution, Mr. Filmer was announced and made his appearance—he upbraided me for my breach of promise in not calling on him, and told me since I had forgotten to seek him, he was resolved to seek me, and had sent to the Hotel where the Baron lately lodged, to enquire if any one there knew where I lived, by which means he had got a direction that enabled him to find me out. Although I could have dispensed with this visit, yet he shewed
such

such an attachment to me, and press'd me so earnestly, to give him my company at dinner, that I cou'd not avoid complying.

He waited for me till I was dress'd and then took me in his carriage to his hotel. He had taken a great house, splendidly fitted up, and kept a large retinue; after dinner I accompanied him to the comedie Italienne, where, as he did not understand a word of the performance, he amused himself with ogling the women, and cursing the actors for their grimaces.

We sup'd at the Restaurateurs, and did not part till the night was pretty far advanced. As I was walking to my lodging, I was alarm'd by the sound of repeated groans, which issued from a dark and narrow ruelle, in an unfrequented street. I stop'd immediately, and imagining those complaining sounds were utter'd by some person in distress, to whom my assistance might be useful, I enter'd the ruelle, but I had reason quickly to repent of my temerity, for I was beset by a gang of villains, who lay there in ambush, till their stratagem should deceive some unwary passenger. I drew my sword, but one of them made a stab at my back, which took effect; and

three

three others seized, and threw me down, they then rifled my pockets of their contents, (including the purse I had received in the morning) and I believe wou'd have utterly deprived me of life, if they had not been alarm'd by the noise of some people approaching, whereupon they made off with their booty,—I was conveyed home by those passengers who had been the means of saving my life. I was extremely faint thro' loss of blood, but on examination my wound was found not to be of a dangerous kind.

The reader may easily conceive my sensations, at being thus deprived of the bounty fortune had so unexpectedly bestow'd upon me, so I shall not attempt to describe them; I was now destitute of all means of living, and in a situation where I cou'd not avoid incurring expences, for besides contracting a new debt at my lodging, the attendance of the sargeon who took care of my wound, must necessarily be reimbursed; how these contingencies were to be provided for, gave me an equal degree of anxiety with that I felt for my own forlorn condition; forlorn indeed, a destitute stranger in a foreign land, without any means of obtaining a single day's subsistence,

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my imagination contrasted this prospect, with the gay ones that had open'd on my earlier days; the picture was too *sombre*, my mind shrunk from the contemplation.

C H A P. L.

Which shews that none but a Man of Fortune can play the Fool with Impunity.—The Author commences Bear-leader.

I Was greatly surprized at a whole week's elapsing without my either seeing or hearing from Filmer, and imagined that the same caprice which had rendered him so very desirous of my society as to force an acquaintance with me, now induced him to drop me, and seek some other companion; but I did him wrong in forming this supposition. He had been at Fontainebleau, where there was a great hunting-match, which species of amusement being his favourite one, entirely engrossed his attention.

But the time was now arrived for dismissing my Surgeon, and endeavouring to provide for myself. There cannot be a more disagreeable state than that of a person who is driven to a necessity of acting, without being able to determine what course of action he is to pursue.—In Paris I could
not

not remain without money, and whither could I betake myself in the weak and wretched condition to which I was reduced.—I may wander over the various countries of the earth (said I) and find no asylum, no support, in any of them all.—Oh ye cruel Authors of my Being! why have ye forsaken your unoffending offspring, and doom'd him to be the outcast of society? Sure never fate was so peculiarly severe as mine—the peasant who toils through the day, has a home to receive him, and affectionate relations to cheer his weariness, with the smiles of welcome.—I alone must live unregarded, and die unpitied.

This painful train of reflection was interrupted by the unexpected entrance of Filmer. The traces of recent affliction were too strongly depicted in my countenance to escape his observation, and with the impetuosity which was the distinguishing trait of his character, he desired I would inform him, what was the cause of my uneasiness. “Tell me my dear fellow (said he) if any thing in my power can serve you, and you may command me”—

When the heart is oppress'd with sorrow there is a pleasure in unburthening it by complaining, which scarcely ever can be refrained from, especially

allv if it is solicited to vent its griefs. Mine yielded to the impulse, in spite of the reserve pride would have prompted. I therefore told him in a few words, that I was reduced to very uncomfortable circumstances, in regard to pecuniary matters.

“Pshaw (cried Filmer) is that all—give me leave to supply you, ’till your remittances arrive.” —

A momentary blush overspread my cheek at being reduced to the necessity of acknowledging I had no expectation of receiving any remittances. It was not the tint of unjustifiable pride—it was the glow of dignity of spirit, hurt by the sense of painful humiliation. However my integrity would not suffer me to deceive him, or take advantage of his incaution to contract debts I could not pay : I therefore thank’d him for his offer, and declined accepting it, at the same time candidly stating my reasons,

The disagreeable emotion I experienced whilst I was making this acknowledgment of my poverty, was salutary in its effect ; like a powerful remedy applied to a dangerous disease, it acted with rapidity. Hitherto I had been unable to
bear

bear the idea of relinquishing my rank of a gentleman qualified to mix in the first society, but the certainty that it could be no longer supported but by stooping to a mean dependance upon the casual bounty of others, entirely altered my notions: so that while Filmer, with much boisterous good-nature, was urging me to draw upon his purse, I was employed in endeavouring to strike out some method of doing for myself; at length a thought suddenly occur'd to me, so after expressing my gratitude, I told Filmer, although I could not submit to be indebted to his generosity, I was willing to be obliged to his friendship, and requested if any person among his acquaintance wanted a travelling companion, he would recommend me as one tolerably qualified, and ready to engage on reasonable terms.

He instantly replied that he had been in search of an agreeable person to go with him to Italy, and if I would be his companion in the journey, he would make me a handsome allowance, and do every thing in his power to make my situation pleasing to me; in this offer I acquiesced without hesitation, and the terms of our agreement were instantly adjusted.

Here

Here was a sudden alteration.—But such is the instability of human affairs that their vicissitudes ought never to surprize us. How oft when things are arrived at what we deem the ultimate point of exaltation, or depression, are they reversed by means we can neither prevent or foresee?—these frequent transitions in the state of man should sustain the soul against the pressure of calamity, and teach us, amidst the elevation of prosperity, to hold our firmness unrelaxed, to meet the (perhaps) impending blow of adversity.

C H A P.

C H A P. LI.

Finds that every State has its peculiar Disadvantages.—Has the Pleasure of doing a Piece of Service to one of his former Fellow Travellers.

I acquainted Filmer of the late accident which had befallen me, and the loss I had sustained, and requested he would advance a part of the stipend we had agreed upon, to enable me to discharge my Surgeon, and pay the debts I incurred thro' my illness. He directly gave me fifty louis, and desired I would immediately settle all matters and go with him to his house, where I was, for the future, to reside.

All my affairs were quickly transacted, and I accompanied him to his house, where he assigned me a very handsome apartment. In fine he seemed quite delighted in his acquisition of a companion. For my part, although my prospect of immediate distress was removed, I did not form a very sanguine opinion of the happiness of my new state. Filmer was impetuous in his proceedings,

proceedings, violent and obstinate in his temper, and his education had been most deplorably neglected ; but I determined to regulate my conduct by my knowledge of these particulars, and study his disposition in order to accommodate myself to it.

For some days he did not insist on my joining in his convivial parties, or amusements, on account of my illness, but when my health was re-established he would no longer excuse me. I was obliged to assist in doing the honours of the house, discharge the office of Croupier, and interpret between him and all his visitants. Besides this I was obliged to accompany him to all the public places, where he generally went in a state of inebriation, and, at the hazard of my neck, to ride one of his hunters at the same rate he did, for some hours every day.

A life of this sort was very irksome to me, but I had no remedy. I was even obliged to conceal my dissatisfaction with care, lest I should irritate a temper prone to outrageous starts of passion, which were generally vented with virulence, and brutal vulgarity, as I had seen in many instances of his conduct to his servants.

Even

Even in his manner of behaving to me, (altho' I must do him the justice to his own he did not mean offence) there was a commanding haughtiness, and a freedom bordering upon rudeness, that often inflicted wounds on my sensibility.

As I wish'd to vary the scene, I urged him so much to put his intention of going to Italy speedily into execution, that he at length consented, and began his preparations for our expedition; but when things came to be considered, a thousand difficulties arose to view.—He would cross the Alps, provided he could ride post over them; as he heard they were not *a good carriage road*.—Vex'd at his ignorance, I endeavoured to reconcile him to go over those mountains, in the same manner that every body else did, but in vain; he entirely abandoned the thought of crossing them, and after many consultations, at last determined to go to Antibes, and there take a Felucca for Leghorn.

This point settled, another difficulty was started—what was to become of the servants and horses, as it would be inconvenient to carry his suite and stud, to a country where he should be continually moving from place to place? I en-

deavoured to persuade him to send them back to England, but could not succeed. He declared, that unless it was possible to procure some person who understood both French and English, to transact the affairs of the household in our absence, he was resolved to relinquish all thoughts of the journey.

To obtain this important personage I (by his direction) set forth advertisements descriptive of the necessary qualifications: which brought a variety of candidates to offer their services. But the appearance of my fellow-traveller Mc Snarl, setting forth his pretensions among the group, interested me in his behalf, and on my recommendation he obtained the place. The poor fellow gave a melancholy account of the distresses and hardships he had suffered, in consequence of the disappointment of his scheme of instructing people of distinction in the rudiments of the English tongue. "Gude faith (said he) it was a fortunate hoor, I abaindon'd my plon, and stup'd tul fairvitude. What tho' I ha auncient blood in my veins, yet might I ha deed for the lack of bannocks, as weel as any beggerly bairn of them aw."

I con-

I congratulated him on his present better prospects, and asked him for some information relative to Mrs. Frill and Miss Montford; but all he could tell me was, that they had arrived safe in Paris at the same time with him; and had left the house where the Diligence sat up, each in a separate Fiacre.

Filmer seemed highly pleased with his new House-Steward, and after a week's trial of his capacity, declared he was well adapted to his purpose. He now began in good earnest to prepare for the journey, and it was with much satisfaction I heard him name the day for its commencement.

The evening previous to our leaving Paris, we went to the *Concert Spirituelle*, where I met Madame de Pareau, for the first time since the day I had waited on her. She was attended by Signior Bertolini, who appeared to be perfectly instated in the office of her Cecisbeo:—She glanced her eyes on me several times with a look quite estranged, but at last, as if struck with a sudden recollection, she made me a careless bow, and then turned to her obsequious attendant, and bestowed on him every indication of particular complaisance.

complaisance and attention: I felt a twinge of shame for my past folly, but my contempt of the Lady soon got the better of every other sensation.

When Filmer and I returned home, a letter was delivered to him directed in a pretty Italian hand.—He observed that I smiled on perceiving this circumstance, and being resolved to surprise me, he desired me to open and read it, I obeyed, and found the contents as follows:

“ My dear Richard,

I am quite distressed at your resolution of going to Italy, and hope you mean to return soon, and take me to England with you, for I am quite tired of being immured in this odious Convent. If you do not set off to-morrow, come to the grate at twelve—don't fail, as I have something particular to say to you.

I am,

Your sincerely affectionate,

Maria Grub.

You

You are a happy man (said I, closing the letter) in receiving such a *billet doux* !—" Aye (cried he carelessly) but it happens a little unluckily, that instead of being written by a Mistress, it comes from my Sister.

How can that be ? (said I) it bears the signature of Grub—

" Grub (replied he) is my family-name, but I have taken that of an Uncle, whose fortune devolved to me upon that condition :—By the way, it was a happy circumstance that it did so,—or I should be prettily hampered with an old Usurer of a Father, who, though immensely rich, is so far from considering the necessities of his children, that he almost starves himself to gratify his avarice :—he has kept my sister in a Convent here, ever since her infancy, and is determined she never shall come out until he can persuade some young Man of Fortune to marry her without a portion.—You may meet him at all the public places in London in quest of such a fool, and will easily know him by his eternal railing against the vanity and extravagance of the times."

This

This portrait, even if the name had not been affixed to it, bore such a strong resemblance to my acquaintance the *temperate Philosopher*, that I could not mistake it.—I accordingly told Filmer that I had the honour of forming an acquaintance with him one night at a Play-House in London. Filmer laughed heartily at the account I gave him, and then entered into a long detail of the vexations he had suffered from his father's niggardly disposition until his Uncle took him from under his government. “He would not pay for my schooling, nor advance six-pence to buy books for me (said he) but blessings on my Uncle, he took me to the country at the age of fourteen, and taught me better things than addling my noddle with study.—My Father and I have quarrelled irreconcilably, but I am easy enough about it, for I know his love of money will never permit him to think of parting with it, so it is very probable he will die intestate, and then I shall inherit his fortune of course.”

I was shocked to hear him express himself with so little feeling in speaking of his father. It is a dreadful reflection, that wayward passions and jarring interests, should so frequently rend asunder the ties of duty and affection form'd, by Providence

vidence, for the wisest and best purposes ; and that the endearing names of parent and child should distinguish enemies whose hearts revolt from the state of affinity in which nature has placed them.

CHAP.

C H A P. LII.

A Tour to Italy dispatch'd in few Words.

THE next morning early, we commenced our tour, according to the usual mode of posting. We proceeded thro' the Gatanois, and Burgundy, to Lions, where we passed the Rhone, entered Viennois, passed thro' Dauphinè to Provence, and arrived safe at Antibes. In this rout I had much pleasure in seeing a great part of the country, and many places worthy of observation, and Filmer, who slept whilst we were traversing a good part of the way, did not give any instance of dissatisfaction, except now and then swearing at the postilions, and falling into a passion at their *curst nonsense* about posts, and posts royale.

We rested one day at Antibes, and then began our voyage to Leghorn. The weather was very bad, and the passage tedious. Filmer was seasick the whole time, and so disgusted and fretted that he swore he would cross the Alps on his return

turn to France, sooner than encounter the hazard of such another fit.

It was necessary to stay at Leghorn some days after our arriving there, to recover Filmer's strength and spirits. As soon as he found himself well enough to travel, we went on to Florence, and after passing a short time there, made a tour of all the other celebrated cities, and saw every thing curious and interesting the country affords:

The monuments of ancient taste and magnificence which are scatter'd o'er the land, afforded spectacles of wonder and delight beyond my utmost expectation; and the *chef d'oeuvres* of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, abounding in their cities, struck me with surprize.

Whilst I was thus elegantly entertained, Filmer beheld things in a very different light. He had no taste for any objects which were not immediately connected with such pleasures as he had been accustomed to; and he every day mortified me by his inattention to some things most worthy of examination, and his *outré* remarks upon others. A few instances will illustrate his manner sufficiently.—

sufficiently.—On viewing the Amphitheatre at Verona, he wish'd he could see a good bruising-match fought there by Broughton's pupils ; another time, seeing me gaze with great attention on the original portrait of Petrarch's Laura (which is preserved in the collection of his Sardinian Majesty at Turin) he swore I had no taste, if I admired that old fashioned dowdy, and that there were fifty better-looking girls to be met with in the Strand every evening in the year.—Nay, to such a length did he carry his absurdity, that he swore he would give five hundred guineas for a fair blow at a Cameo in the Duke of Chablais' apartment, which represents a Cupid caressing a fawn, whilst several others are trying to keep the dogs from it, this being (he said) contrary to all the laws of good sporting.

Although I was not very deeply initiated in *Virtu*, his method of acting on these occasions gave me great disgust.—I used every effort to excite some degree of taste to animate his pursuits, I abridged catalogues, and selected what related to the most capital works of art, lest his attention shou'd be wearied by a too diffuse examination, but my labours were in vain, the latent principles of taste existed not in his mind.

He

He vow'd it was a confounded bore to tread on classic ground, and gave to the devil, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and the Chevalier Bernini, into the bargain.

Yet, though averse to elegant pursuits, he was not idle, but sought amusements suited to his own taste; he was once near being assassinated at Naples for attempting to make love to the wife of a man of quality to whose conversation we had been invited in consequence of the letters of introduction he had brought from France; at Venice he got into a broil with the *cavaliere servante* of a lady for having broke into her *casine*, and gave such offence at Padua, by his irreverent behaviour in church on the gala day of Saint Anthony; that we were obliged to quit that city with precipitation.

I once took the liberty of asking him why he went to so much fatigue and expence to see places whose curiosities had so little he deem'd worthy of engaging his attention; he replied, fashion render'd it necessary for people of fortune to travel at least once in their lives, and that every body told him he cou'd not avoid taking the tour;

tour ; but for his part he was heartily glad his exile was drawing near a conclusion.

I was quite of a contrary opinion in this last particular, and saw with infinite regret the time of our departure from the land of harmonious strains approaching, I felt that I had been hurried over scenes which deserved accurate inspection, and earnestly wish'd to protract our stay.—But what avail the wishes of him who is doom'd to taste the bitterness of dependance ; the indigent man who places his inclinations in competition with those of the opulent, must ever be the prey of disappointment.

According to the determination Filmer had made in consequence of the disagreeableness of our voyage from Antibes to Leghorn, we took post from Turin for Novaleze, cross'd mount Cenis, and arrived without any ill accident at Lanneburg.—From hence I laboured to prevail on Filmer to go to Geneva, but he was unpersuadable, and in despite of my remonstrances we return'd directly to Paris.

We here found the household in very good order under the governance of Mc Snarl, who had
given

given indubitable proofs of his honesty, prudence, and economical talents, in the administration of affairs committed to his direction, during the five months we had been absent.

CH A P. LIII.

In which the Author meets with an old Acquaintance.

THE morning after our arrival in Paris, Filmer having declared his resolution of calling to see his Sister at the Convent where she resided, I was at liberty to employ my time as I pleased.—Finding a slight degree of oppression and illness after the fatigue of my journey, it occurred to me that walking out would relieve it; I therefore sauntered to the Thuilleries,—the walks were very full, and the day delightful.—I had not taken many turns until I found myself relieved, and could give my attention to the company. I perceived a group of young fellows, among whom were two that I had met at Filmer's, they were all laughing very heartily, and on my approaching and enquiring the cause of their unusual merriment, they informed me it was occasioned by two uncommon-looking figures, who had just passed by before I came up, whom they could not

not suppose to be any other than Solomon and the Queen of Sheba come upon the grand tour.— I joined my acquaintances, and e'er we had taken half a turn, they exclaimed that the pair they had mentioned were just coming towards us. I raised my eyes to examine them, and with much surprize, beheld my quondom pedagogue Mr. Profody, in a full-dress French suit, bag, sword, and *chapeau bras*, leading Miss Caveat arrayed in the utmost extremity of *ton*, in a dress of the gayest colours, and most frippery materials.

Astonishment rivited me to the spot till they past by—fortunately they were so taken up with themselves that they did not recognize me, and being resolved I would not run any further hazard of encountering them, I took leave of my companions and quitted the walks. There were several carriages at the entrance in waiting for their respective companies, and I was much amazed as I past one of them to hear my name call'd out in an English accent. I instantly stop'd, and with pleasure beheld my old acquaintance Kitty, the favourite servant of my beloved friend Letitia. The poor creature was delighted to see me—" Ah my dear Sir, (exclaimed

claimed she) how am I overjoyed at meeting a friend in this outlandish place, but I knew as well as any thing some good luck was towards me, for I dreamt last night I was going to be married, and my left eye itch'd all this morning.

I enquired the occasion of her leaving England, and was informed that she came hither with her old mistress Miss Caveat that was, now Mrs. Profody, who on her brother's declaring, as no intelligence whatever cou'd be learn'd of Letitia, he wou'd bequeath all his effects to found an hospital) in a fit of resentment had bestow'd her hand on the pedagogue; but she quickly had reason to repent of her precipitancy for Mr. Caveat was seized with a fit of apoplexy, before he cou'd put his intentions into execution, and dying intestate, his whole fortune devolved to her.

You can't believe Sir, (continued Kitty) how bitterly she took on, on things turning out so contrary to her expectations, for she thinks if she had not been in such a hurry to marry the Schoolmaster she might have got a Duke

Duke or some great Lord, tho', between ourselves, God knows she is not for every man's money, but what will you have of it, finding she cou'd not be unmarried, she pretended to be sick and paid the Doctor to order her to a place somewhere here called Barese, or Barages, I suppose it is a good place to get rid of vexation, for she had no other complaint to my certain knowledge. But here we are, bag and baggage, and such doings you never saw as we have had, I thought I'd have died at sea, what with sickness and Madam's ill temper, tho' to say the truth she vented more than half her anger on her husband poor man, and he did nothing but curse and swear in Greek and Latin the whole way."

Fearing I shou'd be surprized in conversation with the girl by her Master and Mistrefs, I suppress'd my curiosity and did not enquire on many subjects I wish'd to be inform'd upon, so only giving her a direction to Filmer's house, and bidding her write me a note when it wou'd be convenient for her to come to the Thuilleries without them, on which intimation I wou'd send a carriage to bring her, I bid her adieu. Cau-

tioning her against mentioning her having seen me, and desiring she would direct her billet to Monsieur Charle, by which name only she was to call me in future.

C H A P. LIV.

Filmer thinks himself in Love.—Account of a happy Pair.—The Author learns Intelligence of his Friends in England.

I WAS at home a considerable time before Filmer returned to dinner ;—contrary to his usual custom he came alone, and appeared more thoughtful than I ever had seen him before. During the service of dinner he continued in this mood, but having recruited his spirits with a plentiful dose of Champaign, he regained his faculty of speech, and ran out in raptures of a Divine girl he had seen with his Sister at the Convent. “ By the way (said he) I wonder why those d—d Cloisters are tolerated in a civilized country ; indeed if all the old women in the kingdom were to be shut up in them, there would be some sense in it ; but to immure youth and beauty is against all reason ; what think you, Charles, would not it be a devilish good thing to make a general gaol delivery of the poor things ? ”

Perhaps (said I) many of these ladies have made a voluntary retreat from the world, if so I fancy they would not give us thanks for our knight-errantry.

“ ’Tis a devilish pity (returned he) but you were made a parson, for you talk like one. But come, I’ll hold you a wager the girl I speak of would tempt you to an enterprize as wild every bit, in spite of all your sobriety.”

Nay (said I) I must relinquish my sobriety, and my reason too, if I hazarded an exploit which may introduce me into the Bastile, so I will avoid the sight of this dangerous beauty, and keep out of the way of temptation.—

“ Nay, nay, I must have fair play for my wager at least (returned he laughing) so you must see her once to try what effect it might have on you ; prepare therefore to attend me to the Convent to-morrow, and then perhaps you may alter your opinion.”

It being a fruitless attempt to offer opposition to any of his whims, I told him I would accompany him. After dinner he mentioned his being particularly engaged for the entire evening, an
intimation

intimation that did not displease me, as I had during the time of dinner received notice from Kitty that she was to leave Paris early on the following day, and would meet me in the evening, as her Lady would then be at the Opera. I sent a carriage to bring her to the Thuilleries, and she was punctual to the appointment.

My first enquiries were if she had heard any thing relative to my father? the poor girl hesitated and seem'd loth to tell me, but at length said he was married about two months before she left England to a Lady who brought him a large fortune.—I felt a pang at my heart on this intelligence, which I cannot describe; but suppressing my feelings as much as I could, I proceeded to enquire about Letitia; on this score she could only inform me that Mr. Caveat had used every endeavour to discover the place of her retreat, but could not obtain the least trace of her by all the means he had exerted; “indeed (said the girl) I verily believe if my dear young lady had returned before my old master's death, he would have forgiven her all, for he loved her dearly, in spite of all my present Lady used to say to set him against her. God forgive every body, but she ought not to get much good of her fortune; for
many

many is the lie she invented of the best and sweetest young creature in the world. As for your honour's part she cou'd never abide the sight of you. Often and often I have been vex'd at listening to her speaking so ill of you; but her temper is so bad that I never dare say any thing against her. She was cross enough when you knew her, but she is ten times worse now. She and her husband do nothing but wrangle from morning till night, and about the strangest things too; why to-day they had a battle all breakfast time on account of a Queen with a hard name, that they both said died two thousand years ago, and it came to such a height, that by mutual agreement they brought me out in the coach that they might not be obliged to talk to each other; but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, for its likely I should have miss'd seeing you, only they did so."—

My next questions were relative to Sir Charles and Lady Bruin, but Kitty could not tell me any thing with certainty about them, all connection between her family and that of the Baronet, having ceased on Mr. Caveat's death and the appointment of another agent: but she heard Mrs. Profody say, that Sir Charles was so afflicted with the gout, and a complication of other distempers,

temper, that it was conjectured he cou'd not hold out long.

Kitty told me also, that some letters and messages for me had been brought to Mr. Caveat's house whilst she continued there; and that she had ordered them to be left at the Hotel, where I had lodged when she last saw me in England, not knowing what other place to have them sent to.—I thank'd the friendly creature for the attention she had paid to my affairs, and endeavoured to prevail on her to accept a purse, curiously work'd, which I had brought from Italy, containing some pieces of gold, but this she positively declined, saying she was grown rich since I had seen her. “ My Lady (said she) was as generous as a Princess to me, in the time of her courtship, for I was her confidant, and many is the good present I got for my secrecy, and for hearing her talk of her *dear* Mr. Profody, and her *sweet* Mr. Profody,—but la, Sir, how differently people think after they are married from what they do before it. She was actually dying for love of the old scare-crow before he became her husband, and now, she cannot abide the sight of him ;—but it's so much the better for me, for she gives me as much now for hearing

hearing her abuse and find fault with him, as I formerly got for listening to the praises she lavish'd so liberally.

I ask'd Kitty what induced them to quit Paris so hastily.—“ My Lady (said she) wou'd give her eyes to stay here instead of going to the water the Doctor ordered, and this very day assured her husband she was convinced it would do her health more good, but he (glad of an opportunity to vex her) insists on her going without losing a moment in a case where her precious life is concerned; his obstinacy has put her into a worse temper than ever, so that I verily believe she wou'd die with vexation if the hope of tormenting him did not keep her alive. They had a rare *miff* at dinner to-day, for he affronted her terribly by saying all the ladies and gentlemen they met on the walks had been laughing at her—she insisted it was not at her but at him they laughed; but for my part I would not be a bit surpris'd if they had laugh'd at them both.”

My communicative intelligencer fearful that thro' caprice of temper her Lady might return from the Opera sooner than the usual hour, now express'd a desire of being conveyed home.

I told

I told her I should find much pleasure in serving her, if ever fortune enabled me to do so. The honest creature put up an ardent petition to heaven to incline my father to do his duty by me, and gave me a thousand friendly wishes at parting.

I returned home in a very different mood. The assurance I had received of my father's love gave a final blow to my expectations. In spite of his injurious treatment, some faint hope of good had existed in my breast, and as I had (perhaps) flattered myself that some time would see my father's temper in his heart, and re-instate me in my rights, but now he had formed new ties, I could no longer receive my reason, or encourage those pleasing visions, those last remnants of wretchedness. I was now a free man, and I saw with horror that my father's conduct in the case of my total derangement, without one being in the universe to whose assistance I could fly, claim, and reduced to a precarious dependence even for my subsistence, was a shocking and capricious proceeding.

C H A P. LV.

In which it is exemplified that disagreeable Reflections, are often the Lot of the Indigent.

I Returned home in a very distressful mood. The account I had received of my father's marriage gave a final blow to my expectations. In spite of his injurious treatment, some latent sparks of hope had existed in my breast, and at intervals I had (against probability) flattered myself that time would awaken parental feelings in his heart, and re-instate me in my rights; but now he had formed new ties, I could no longer deceive my reason, or encourage those pleasing visions; hope is the last resource of wretchedness, and when it is wrested from the heart, how dreadful is the void it leaves. I now with horror found myself confirm'd in the idea of my total destitution;—Without one Being in the universe to whose kindness I could lay claim, and reduced to a precarious dependance even for my subsistence, upon an overbearing and capricious benefactor.

The

The return of Filmer at length interrupted a series of the most disagreeable feelings my mind had ever experienced. On his joining me I strove to rally my spirits, but they were sunk to such a low ebb that I found it impossible. It is equally difficult to disguise the feelings we have, as to assume these we have not, and all my efforts to suppress my dejection, or regain my accustomed cheerfulness, were ineffectual. Filmer who came home in the gayest disposition imaginable, took offence at my gravity. The insolent favourites of prosperity think that even the feelings of those whom fortune humiliates, should be subservient to their pleasure: of all the pretensions of arrogance, this sure is the most cruel in its exactions, and of all the evils of poverty the most hard to be borne.

It is the observation of an elegant writer that in a mind unexercised, and which languishes for want of proper action and employment, the thoughts and affections being obstructed in their due course, and deprived of their natural energy, raise disquiet and foment a rancorous eagerness and tormenting irritation. The temper from hence becomes more impotent in passion, more incapable of moderation, and like prepared fowl takes fire by the least spark.—This assertion was
 fully

fully demonstrated by the conduct of Filmer, whose passions were ever ready to kindle into a flame on the slightest provocation. In the present instance my seriousness being unsuitable to his mirth, although it was unavoidable on my part, and I pleaded illness in excuse for it, excited his choler, insomuch that he taunted me with insulting sneers and clumsy sarcasms, covertly upbraiding me with the advantages I enjoyed thro' his bounty, and reproaching me with pride and ingratitude. My spirit arose against the indications of contempt he manifested. I felt it was a hard task to bear 'the proud man's contumely,' but curb'd all expressions of resentment, and avoided seeming to understand the severities he intended; this conduct in a great measure disappointed him in his wish of mortifying me, and forced him tho' evidently chagrin'd, to keep within the bounds of decency.

On these terms we parted for the night, and when solitude restored me to the full indulgence of reflection, I took myself to task impartially, and endeavoured to recollect if I ever had given Filmer any reason to dislike me, or imagine I was deserving of the injurious treatment he had given. My heart acquitted me, and my sense of the injury was mingled with contempt for its author; but I considered

considered that my case was not an unusual one, and that from the beginning of social compacts "*want* has been the scorn of every wealthy fool."

Although my resigning my connection with Filmer must inevitably plunge me into that state of indigence from which he had rescued me, I could not resolve to keep his friendship at the expence of my dignity of spirit, and determined at all events to quit my present situation—wants may be endured, I thought, but insults were intolerable, so I resolved to embrace the lesser evil, rather than submit to the greater;—and yet my prospects were gloomy enough to discourage the most enterprizing spirit. I had no cause to think well of the world, or to be the dupe of sanguine hopes, every wish I had hitherto formed, had been blasted by disappointment, and the unkindness of almost every person with whom nature or friendship had connected me, weigh'd heavy at my heart.

There is no propensity of despondence so distressing as that which urges us to "shape the fashion of uncertain evils:" the real ills of life are sufficient to employ our minds without anticipating those futurity may bring.—

Under

Under the influence of this melancholy disposition, I retired to rest; the balmy power of sleep flew from my wishes, and when towards morning, the weariness of exhausted spirits closed my eyes, my harrassed imagination still laboured. I dreamt of dreadful torrents, yawning precipices, and nodding ruins; the groans of distress resounded in my ears, and graves seemed to open beneath my feet. I shuddered at the visions of my distempered fancy, and started from my broken slumbers as if menaced with some impending destruction.

C H A P. XLVI.

Enquiries which surprize the Author.—Filmer apologizes for his Conduct.—A Visit with him to a Convent.

AS soon as the rays of the rising sun illumined my apartment, I quitted my uneasy couch, and employed myself in writing a letter to Rymer. I gave him a circumstantial detail of the misfortunes I had experienced, and my present disagreeable state, and entreated him to advise and assist me in the pursuit of some more eligible plan. I directed this epistle to the house in London where Mrs. Rymer's business was carried on, to be forwarded to Ireland, and gave him my address at the Hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine, where I had lodged before my residence with Filmer.

By the time I had finished this business the day was some hours advanced; the face of nature was serene, and the air from my chamber-window so refreshing that I was induced to walk out. I took the way to my old lodging with a view of again engaging

engaging it, but I had the mortification to find it was occupied. The Mistress of the house seemed sorry she could not accommodate me, and requested I would do her the honor of breakfasting with her, to which I consented.

In the course of our conversation I was informed by my obliging Hostess, that the old Ecclesiastic who visited me once when I resided there, had called three times since my departure, and made very particular enquiries relative to the circumstances of my removal, appearing both disappointed and uneasy at not being able to obtain a direction where to find me. This anxiety was very ænigmatical to me; I could not conceive why he should be so much interested in my affairs, nor was there the least clue to lead to an explanation of his motives, as he had neither told his name or left any intimation where he was to be found, in case his desire of seeing me should come to my knowledge. Yet that he was uncommonly curious with regard to me, was apparent from his having endeavoured to discover the manner in which I had usually employed my time, and who were my particular connections, as well as from his concern for my departing without his seeing me.—

I wrote

I wrote a particular direction where I was to be found (repenting my having omitted taking such a necessary precaution sooner) this billet I committed to the care of the woman of the house, requesting she would deliver it to the old Clergyman if he called again; she told me I might rely on her punctuality, and I took my leave.

It was near twelve o'clock by the time I returned to Filmer's, and he was only just arisen. Being informed he had enquired for me, and desired to see me the moment I came home, I entered his apartment with a sullen kind of serenity very different from my usual manner, he advanced to meet me with an air of deprecation. "My dear fellow (said he) I was as drunk as an owl last night, but it runs in my head that I said or did something to offend you; if so I pray you pardon me, for I am much concerned if thro' inadvertency I gave you any uneasiness."

I could not account for Filmer's thus bending his stubborn temper to make concessions, yet such a conduct was very natural in a person of his way of thinking: the same baseness of soul which prompts a man to give offence ungenerously, induces him to make mean submissions to avoid the

the ill consequences it might occasion to his personal safety. I however was deceived; and imputed to good-nature what in reality was the effect of his cowardice. I therefore accepted his apologies, and harmony seem'd restored between us.

As soon as he had done dressing, he reminded me of my promise of going with him to the Convent. I wou'd gladly have been excused, but as I knew he would attribute my declining it to some remains of resentment, I agreed to accompany him.

On our arrival at the grate, he ask'd for Miss Grub, and that young lady soon made her appearance; after he had introduced me to her, he enquired, why she was unaccompanied by the divine girl he saw with her the day before, who (he swore) had robb'd him of his heart. "A pretty method you took to obtain hers in return (said Miss Grub laughing) really brother you are quite an Orson; you curs'd and swore so much and talk'd so boisterously, that its a question with me if your Divinity can ever be prevailed upon to see you again—I assure you she was quite terrified at you" —

" Why

"Why what the d—l did I say (cried Filmer) I am sure I only spoke of my travels in Italy."

"A delightful account you gave of them truly, (said Miss Grub) for instance your description of the Pope."—

"What did I say about the matter (cried Filmer) only that the Pope was a d—vlish fine fellow, and gave the benediction in a horseman-like manner."

"*Mon Dieu!* (said Miss Grub) what a strange creature is an English Fox-hunter!"

"You may tell my Divinity as you call her (resumed Filmer) that I die for her, and am determined to have her, whether she will or not, and if I meet with any opposition to my wishes, I will shoot the Abbess, cripple the Confessor, and set fire to the Convent."

"Quite an Orlando Furioso as I live! (cried Miss Grub) don't you think, Sir, (turning to me) that Ariosto's hero was but a type of my brother."

I rallied

I rallied my depressed spirits, and returned a suitable answer to this lively interrogatory: and after some more conversation of the same nature we took leave, and returned home early to receive some company Filmer had invited to dinner at his house.

C H A P. LVII.

A Meeting with the Abbé—The Author's Mortifications increase.—Meets an English Lady and Gentleman.—End of a forced Marriage.

PREVIOUS to my going out with Filmer I had commissioned Mc Snarl (who still held his post in the household) to go to the Hotel d'York, to enquire if Lord Dorville was in Paris, or soon expected. He brought me word, that his Lordship was still at Montpellier, but it was thought wou'd soon be in town, as he had sent orders to have apartments ready for his reception.

This intelligence diffused a gleam of satisfaction o'er my countenance. The expectation of recommending myself to his consideration and favour, precarious as it was, gave me pleasure; as it presented a distant prospect of extricating me from my state of subjection to a mind which
ignorance

ignorance and prosperity rendered insolent. Mc Snarl observed I was pleased with the result of his enquiries, and shewed a satisfaction in consequence, I had hitherto imagined him incapable of feeling.

I did not enter the *Salle à Manger* till all the guests were assembled, and was greatly surprized to behold among them, my friend the Abbé; but before I could indulge my wonder, its subject was changed, for he advanced eagerly towards me, with a countenance expressive of the highest pleasure, exclaiming, “*Ah! mon cher ami, Je suis ravi de vous voir.*”—

I returned his civilities with coldness and constraint, but his intrepidity was not to be disconcerted. “Ah, (said he) how was your presence miss’d, and wish’d-for by all your friends! but we have had many changes since your departure from our society. La pauvre Marquise du Bellay has had a severe attack of an epilepsy; and Madame de Pareau, in despair on account of her being totally deserted by all her admirers the moment her daughter made her appearance, has declined all parties, and turned Devotè.”

“It

It was in vain for me to attempt repressing his forwardness by any indications of contempt and dislike short of absolute rudeness; so I was obliged to listen to the professions of friendship he loaded me with, altho' they tired my patience to the utmost limits of sufferance.

When the company broke up, I learn'd from Filmer that he had form'd an acquaintance with the Abbé at one of the Coffee-houses, finding him a civil pleasant fellow, who spoke English tolerably. I thought it my duty to give him an intimation of the real character of his new friend, which I did, conveying my cautions unguardedly in the most forcible terms I could devise; but he did not pay me much attention, his head, as he acknowledged, running solely on the girl who had struck his fancy at the Convent; and he swore most tremendously he would leave no means untried to obtain her.

At the conclusion of this conversation, he called for his hat and sword, and went out. We did not meet again till the night was pretty far advanced. He then came home cursing his ill fortune at play, and telling me he had got a confounded tumble at Hazard.—As I knew he had

had not been addicted to the vice of gaming, it occurred to me that the precious Abbé was his conductor to the Temple of Fortune ; and on enquiry, I found my conjecture was just.

The next morning the Abbé favoured us with his company at breakfast, but he did not, as on the preceding day, pester me with supernumerary attentions ; on the contrary, it was apparent the thermometer of his regards had again fallen to the freezing point—this sudden change in his behaviour puzzled me, but it was not difficult to perceive that the hauteur and coldness of his manner influenced Filmer to imitate his example. Altho' I heartily despised both the one and the other of my companions, their conversing with so much familiarity and *gaité de cœur* while they neglected me in the most palpable manner, stung my feelings to the quick. Contempt is of all injuries the one a mind of strong sensibility can worst endure. Innate dignity of sentiment, which enables the soul to withstand the attacks of calamity, and woundings of disappointment, renders it more liable to feel and resent unmerited scorn.

“ Fate never wounds so deep the generous heart,
 “ As when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

Tired

Tired of being considered as a mere cypher, I started up and left them to continue their frivolous conversation uninterrupted; in a short time after I had quitted them, they went out together, in Filmer's *vis a vis*, without making the least enquiry about me. Immediately after their departure some young Frenchmen of quality called in and proposed a walk in the gardens of the Palais Royale. I accompanied them very readily, preferring any mode of employment to the indulgence of reflection.

We had not proceeded far in our promenade, when we met a gentleman escorting a lady, whose face struck me as one that I had seen before. One of my companions being known to them, stopp'd to pay his compliments, which gave me an opportunity of surveying her with attention; the steadfastness of my looks attracted her observation, and as soon as she turned her eyes towards me, she started, coloured, and betrayed evident tokens of confusion,—her conductor observed her closely, and appeared very much agitated and displeased; he put an abrupt period to the ceremonies passing between my companion and him, and hurried the lady away, to avoid me, as I conjectured, by his frequently looking back and

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casting glances of defiance and resentment at me during his retreat.

This adventure excited my curiosity very strongly, and I directly applied to my companion who had accosted them, for information to gratify it.—He told me the gentleman was an Englishman of the name of Wilford, and that the Lady was his wife. This intelligence immediately recalled to my remembrance where it was I had formerly seen the lady, and accounted for her discomposure on our meeting. In fine, Mrs. Wilford was Miss Monopoly, alias Mrs. Bloomford; and Mr. Wilford, the man whose rash jealousy had nearly deprived me of life. Our being strangers to the persons of each other was easily accounted for, as we fought in the dark when he attacked me on coming from Mr. Monopoly's garden, and we had never met afterwards until our present rencounter.

Upon further enquiry, I found, that in a very short time after Miss Monopoly had been compell'd to marry Bloomford; the ill treatment she received from him, join'd with her aversion to the union she had form'd, and her attachment to Wilford, induced her to elope. It was soon evident

evident that she had put herself into the protection of her lover, and Bloomford, seized this occasion of getting entirely rid of a Woman, whose fortune alone was the object of his wishes, when he so ungenerously took advantage of her Father's authority to make her wretched. He was mean enough to enter into a compromise, for his dishonour, and gave up half the lady's fortune on her consenting to his getting a divorce, which without her concurrence he had not proofs sufficient to obtain ; as soon as her first marriage was annull'd, she bestowed her fair hand on Wilford, who repaid the obligation by giving her the worst usage in his power and entertaining the most injurious suspicions of her conduct, it is a truth every woman shou'd be convinced of, that confidence invariably results from esteem; and that she who forfeits good opinion by a deviation from prudence or virtue, renders herself liable to be distrusted, even by him for whose sake she has committed an error equally fatal to peace and reputation.

C H A P. LVIII.

Alterations in Filmer's Household.—He and the Abbé go a Journey.—Leave the Author sick.

ON my return home I found the household all in motion, and Filmer extremely busy in giving directions to prepare a suite of rooms for the reception of his Sister, whom he was determined to take from the Convent directly to live with himself. He was in high good humour, and ask'd me if I did not think she would be an agreeable addition to our family. I answered, it needed very little consideration to pronounce that we should be much enlivened by her society; but it was not equally clear, that it would be pleasing to her to be deprived of the company of her female associates. Oh, as for that matter (cried he) I have provided against any complaints; I have, thro' the care of our friend the Abbé, provided a Duenna to superintend my sister; and besides, have desired her to ask the company of some of her friends

friends of the Convent, as I am under a necessity of going on a party to Chaumont for some days, during which, you must be master of the ceremonies, and major domo to the ladies."

I was a good deal surprized at this arrangement, which was apparently the effect of a scheme suddenly adopted; but e'er I had time to make any reflections on it, we were joined by the Abbé, and some other company who had come to dinner.

In the course of conversation, I found the Abbé was one of the intended party to Chaumont, and saw many indications of the ascendancy he was acquiring over me in the good graces of Filmer, but I regarded the visible decline of my favour with indifference, and beheld the Abbé's triumph with a temper untinged by envy.

After dinner, Filmer proposed a party to some of the public amusements, but feeling myself ill, I declined joining in it. The Abbé, who had apparently labour'd to behave to me with condescension, did me the honour of joining his entreaties

entreaties to those of Filmer, but it was not in my power to comply, for my spirits were totally declined, and my strength exhausted.

Immediately on their departure, I retired to my chamber, where I remain'd for ten days, labouring under a feverish complaint. During this time the Abbé and Filmer had departed for Chaumont, and Miss Grub, with a fair friend from the Convent, was settled in the house, under the direction of the Governante, recommended by the Abbé.

A blameable despondency caused me to look on the decline of my disorder, rather as a misfortune than a blessing.—How many (said I) are torn from the joys and comforts of life; whilst I, bereft of all that can render existence valuable, am snatch'd from the brink of an opening grave—condemned to linger in wretchedness, and forbid the only asylum where misery can hope to find repose.

How weak, how short-sighted are mortals, who determine on the present appearance of things, without reflecting that all earthly events, are under the direction of an omniscient being
who

who distributes to each his portion of good or evil, according to the dictates of eternal wisdom, justice, and mercy. Happy is the man, whom religion teaches to elevate his views, and behold all human transactions in their proper light ;—to extract from adversity its bitterness,—taste the cup of prosperity without intoxication, and steadily look forward for that reward to which virtue and resignation lead the soul.

CHAP.

C H A P. LIX.

*He recovers.—Meets a great Surprize and makes a
Discovery.—A good Effect of Charity.*

AS soon as I found myself well enough to leave my chamber, I considered that politeness render'd it incumbent on me to pay my compliments to Miss Grub and her friends. I sent to request permission to wait on her, and she return'd a very obliging message desiring I wou'd join her party at dinner that day.

With this invitation I readily complied, and as I was passing along to the Saloon where I was informed the ladies were, my attention was caught by the sound of the hapsichord in one of the anti-chambers. I was always an amateur of Music, and the delicacy of taste and powers of execution with which my ear was struck by the present performance of one of Nicolai's Sonata's, excited my utmost admiration. I listened with delight, until the lesson was finished, and then (imagining the ladies were assembled in that apartment) presented myself.

I was

I was mistaken in my conjecture, there was no lady in the room but the fair performer, who arose on my entrance : I was about to address her with an apology, for my intrusion,—but I was struck dumb with wonder and delight, on beholding Miss Montford.

Great as my confusion was on this rencountre, so ardently desired, so long despaired of ; hers appeared not to be inferior, she trembled, hesitated, and her lovely complection alternately varied from the tint of the lily to that of the rose, in fine, our looks, and the agitation occasion'd by this unexpected meeting, wou'd be strong indications to a bye-stander that we were not objects of Indifference to each other, but we were both too deeply engross'd by our own perturbations to observe or animadvert, and remain'd awkwardly confused and silent, until she, apparently hurt at her want of presence mind, accosted me with the utmost politeness, at the same time assuming an air of ease sufficient to mortify and repress hope, if I had been presumptuous enough to form any.

This alteration in her behaviour, awaken'd me from a flattering dream, and wrought an instantaneous change in my countenance, the sudden flush of joy vanish'd, and the traces which sick-

ness and dejection had impress'd became visible ; observing I look'd ill she enquired if I had lately been indisposed, and was very much astonished to find I was one of her house-mates. She told me she had heard of a gentleman's being sick in the family, but had not the least idea it was one with whom she had any acquaintance.

I struggled hard to assume a disengaged air, whilst I returned thanks for her enquiries, but felt an embarrassment it was impossible to shake off—my mind was a chaos of confused and disoriented thoughts, and my heart the seat of a variety of tumultuous feelings ; surprize, pleasure, and diffidence by turns predominated, and it was with infinite wonder I discovered that Miss Montford possessed a power over my affections, I had never supposed to exist, until this accidental interview reveal'd to me that under the disguise of esteem and pity, love had insinuated itself into my bosom and long lain dormant there.

The entrance of Miss Grub, and her chaperon Madame La Blonde, at length relieved us from a state in which pleasure and pain were strangely blended. I paid my respects, and met a most gracious reception from Miss Grub, who congratulated me on my recovery with much good nature ; her lively humour assisted in dispelling the
remains

remains of our confusion, the conversation became general, and the day past off agreeably.

When retirement restored me to the power of reflection, the rapture I felt on meeting Miss Montford, subsided ; and I found that my attachment to her, had opened new inlets for pain and uneasiness to prey upon my heart. It is the maxim of a celebrated French writer, that 'we are much happier in the passion we feel, than in what we excite,' but experience taught me the opinion was fallacious ;—indeed, when the head attempts to pronounce on the movements of the heart, it is, generally erroneous in its decisions.—Love must ever bring doubts and hopes to disturb the peace of the breast it inhabits ; whilst indifference, tho' a state of apathy, is a state of ease.

Had I not been the victim of an hopeless passion, my hours might have pass'd very pleasantly.—Miss Grub (whose spirits were extremely lively) was continually contriving or executing plans of amusement. Madame La Blonde, an antiquated coquet, whose manners and appearance equally displayed frivolity, eagerly entered into every scheme of gaiety ; and the natural complacency and sweetness of Miss Montford's disposition, rendered her acquiescent in every wish of her

her friend. I partook in all their parties, escorted them every where, and in fine was (according to Miss Grub's declaration) the most necessary man in the world.

That interesting events sometimes arise from trivial causes, is a frequent observation, and founded in truth.—Miss Montford, tho' extremely polite in her deportment to me, maintained a strictness of reserve, and distance, which mortified me exceedingly,—it seem'd as if we had agreed to bury the remembrance of our former meeting in England in eternal oblivion, for neither the one or the other of us ever made the least mention of the transaction. When we were with Miss Grub and her chaperon, she was chearful and easy in her manners, but if I attempted to engage her in any particular conversation, she immediately assumed an air of embarrassment and constraint, and avoided every assiduity of mine with an earnestness which gave me reason to apprehend I was the object of her particular dislike. To this conduct she invariably adhered, until a little incident effected a considerable alteration in my favour.

One morning whilst we were chatting over the breakfast table, the Ladies were informed a young woman, who sold artificial flowers, begg'd to be admitted

admitted to their presence. Miss Grub requested permission to have her brought in.—“ I know such frippery matters (said she addressing her discourse to me) are a horrible bore to you wise lords of the creation, but this is a poor girl, Caroline, and I, have taken under our protection thro’ charitable motives, and you, who are a good sort of being, will for the present wave your aversion.

I recognized the young woman the moment of her entrance, to be the same I had met in distress at the shop of the Petit Mercier, at the time I was in quest of Miss Montford : and being unwilling to have my part in the affair mentioned, I rose immediately to quit the room ; but the grateful creature would not permit me to escape.—“ Oh Ladies ! (exclaimed she bursting into tears) this is the gentleman I told you of, whom some good angel sent to my assistance in the moment I was on the point of being driven to despair, and whose bounty preserved my parents life and mine.”

There now (said Miss Grub) did not I say you were a good sort of being, you see I am a woman of discernment. Miss Montford was silent but a tear of sympathetic benevolence trembled in her eye, and she hastily quitted the room.

From

From this period Miss Montford's behaviour underwent a great alteration, she no longer shun'd conversing with me, and without deviating from the strictest propriety, shewed me an attention and friendship, I might hope time wou'd improve into a more tender attachment, but how little are mankind capable of judging what will constitute their happiness ; whilst it appear'd that I was disliked by Miss Montford, a certainty of not being disagreeable to her, wou'd, I thought, raise me to an enviable state of felicity ; but now this certainty was mine, new causes of anxiety arose from the attainment of my desire. The consciousness that fortune put it out of my power to make this amiable creature happy damp'd every aspiring wish, and cast a cloud over every flattering prospect. Love had led my own imagination astray, and render'd my breast the seat of a thousand painful feelings and distressing apprehensions, but I cou'd not be so ungenerous as to take advantage of the favorable sentiments she manifested, to plant a passion in her heart which must be mingled with the stings of regret and disappointment. Under the influence of this conviction, I guarded my expressions, and even my looks, with the utmost care ; and in all my behaviour demonstrated, the deference and friendship I felt for her, without betraying my particular attachment.

It

It is very probable I shou'd have found it impracticable to persist in this way of thinking or acting long, for the indications of true passion will discover themselves in spite of the strongest efforts to conceal them ; but a sudden change of affairs, made a total alteration in our situation, and put an end to the constraint I had imposed upon myself.

C H A P. LX.

Mc Snarl divulges some unexpected Intelligence.

FILMER, on his going to Chaumont, travelled post, taking only his Valet de Chambre and Mc Snarl to attend him; the rest of the servants remained at Paris under the direction of a Frenchman recommended by the Abbe, and who acted as Maitre d'Hotel in the absence of the trusty Scot. Three weeks had elapsed since the commencement of his journey, without bringing any accounts whatsoever from him; but at the end of that time Mc Snarl arrived; and brought letters to Miss Grub, and to me, purporting, his intention of prolonging his stay at Chaumont, as he found the place very agreeable, and met variety of good sport.

I was in my own apartment at the time Mc Snarl delivered this epistle to me; when he saw I had done perusing it, he closed the door carefully, and advanced towards me with an air of unusual importance; perceiving him big with intelligence,

gence, I ask'd him if he had any business to impart? " Aye (said he) a vary bad beebiness truly, here is muckle meeschief hatching between maister Filmair, and that rag of Poppery the Abbé, anent a Bonny Lassie, wha dwells heera-boots as I understand, to bear his Sester company.—Sawney Mc Snarl is na eaves drupper, but mine ain lugs heard them babble o'er their enter plot; for Satan oft leaves his disciples i'th' lurk when they're nat aware of his defection.

Alarmed at this prelude, I requested the honest Scot to tell me all the particulars of his discovery. He complied, and I found that the reason of bringing Miss Grub to this Hotel, was to inveigle Miss Montford from the convent, and gain an opportunity of carrying her off with an intent to make her Filmer's mistress. The Abbé who had contrived and arranged the whole business, suggested the scheme of Filmer's long absence, to remove any scruples of delicacy about her residing in his house, and lull her into perfect security; but Filmer, ever impatient in his temper, insisted on hurrying the Abbé's proceedings, for which purpose the intelligence of their resolution to continue at Chaumont was signified to us, whilst they returned to town privately, to watch for

for a favourable time to put their intentions into execution.

I was confounded at this developement, so much that I remained silent; Mc Snarl proceeded, "Noo (said he) I ken reeght weel that I mun ease my conscience of a heevy leading; for should irk or ill befall the Lassie through lack of warning I were a bafe loon; my place is muckle gude, but I'd e'en lay it doon for aye, e'er I'd commet a bad aiction!"

I gave the worthy creature all the praise his goodness of heart deserved, and told him I would undertake the task of warning and delivering the young lady. I also inform'd him she was the same who came with us in the coach to Dover.—"Ha! (cried he) a vary prettie Lassie, and (by what the auld cat that travail'd wi her said) descended frai respectable aincestry; I shall be weel fatisfied to help in extreecating her frai the power o deceevers. But tak heed you dunna come to peril i' this buiness. Maister Filmair will be ready enough to quarrel wi you, for you may tak my word he does nai leek a bone in your skeen, and the Abbé will lend his aid to heighten the rumpus, for he is not your freend.

Besides

Besides you ha a spy i' the camp, the Gouvernante was placed here to send enteeelligence of au transactions, and is reeght vegelent i' th' discharge of her office."——

On the departure of the honest Scot, I set myself to consider on the best method of proceeding. It appeared to me to be absolutely necessary to give Miss Montford some intimation of her danger, in order to render her cautious, and hasten her removal to a place of safety; it had frequently occur'd to me, that she was the Lady, Filmer had expressed himself so warmly about; but his quitting the house just at the time she was coming to it, divested me of this suspicion: as I did not dream his actions were under the direction of the Machiavelian Abbé, I could not suppose this step to proceed from artifice, and therefore attributed it to indifference.

From the precipitancy of Filmer's return it was obvious there was no time to be lost in extricating the intended victim of his machinations, this consideration at once determined me. The Ladies had retired to their toilets to dress, I therefore seized the opportunity of Miss Montford's being disengaged from her companions, and sent
a seal'd

a seal'd up billet, requesting she would meet me without delay in the garden, where I was waiting for her, having some very particular business to impart, which required her immediate attention.

C H A P. LXI.

An Ecclaircissement.

HAVING commissioned Mc Snarl to deliver this message, I went down to the garden of the Hotel, which was pleasant and extensive.—I had not waited there many minutes when I saw Miss Montford advancing through one of the alleys. I flew to meet her, and perceived her mind was strongly agitated by timidity and surprise.—I entreated her to be composed, and leading her to a seat, inform'd her of the particulars related by the honest Scot, in terms the least alarming I could devise; but in spite of all my precaution, the intelligence affected her so much, that I repented of my not having taken some other method; I implored her forgiveness for having thus alarmed her.—“Forgiveness, (exclaimed she) oh Heavens! no, receive the grateful acknowledgments due from a friendless, hapless orphan, to the preserver of her peace and honour; why, oh why was I not permitted to sink to the quiet grave with
all

all my natural protectors? why thus left to be singled out by the vile and infamous, as their devoted prey?"

Loveliest best of creatures (cried I) in me behold an unalienable friend, a faithful protector. Oh why does fortune forbid my soliciting a still more tender claim to the title of your defender—but can I, indigent, nameless, and wretched, wish you to be a partaker in my miseries? No:—My soul—my life—my services shall ever be devoted to you, but your hand must be reserved to bless some favoured Man, who can place you in that station you were form'd to adorn. May he be sensible of your worth—may he make you happy; while I—but what signifies life since I am doom'd to part from you!

This unpremeditated and abrupt declaration, was so evidently a heart-felt one that it carried instantaneous conviction with it. Miss Montford blushed, trembled, and sigh'd deeply, but betrayed no tokens of displeasure. My heart was too strongly agitated to permit me to stop at this confession. I pour'd forth all the sentiments of my soul. She listened with complacency, and evinced that compassion for my sorrows had a large

large share in her present feelings. Never was an avowal of love made under circumstances more melancholy—but even in the distresses attendant on a virtuous passion, refined souls find a species of pleasure more satisfactory than the slaves of illicit attachment can ever know.

After this interesting eclclaircissement had taken place, the subject of Filmer's audacious intention recurr'd. Had I known where to find him, I could not have restrained myself from going to bring him to account, and forcing him to abandon his premeditated outrage, but the place of his retreat being a profound secret, had debarr'd me of this method, and no way of effecting the desired purpose remained but to counterplot his schemes.

Miss Montford agreed with me that there was an absolute necessity for her quitting his house with the utmost expedition, but we conjectured it would be a difficult matter to effect her escape, as undoubtedly spies were placed upon all her actions, and she never went abroad without Madame La Blonde, who was one of Filmer's infamous agents. I asked her if there was any friend she would wish to advise with? “ I have
no

no friend, no relation (replied she) fate has deprived me of all. I have no acquaintance even out of the convent where I was resident when I accepted Miss Grub's invitation to become her humble companion, rather than remain a burthen on the charity of the good Abbess."

The recital of distresses so similar to my own, but ten thousand times more painful to me, as being borne by one I would sacrifice my life to make happy, forced tears of sympathy to start in spight of my efforts to restrain them. How severely did I feel my deprivation of wealth. How bitterly regret my inability to shelter this dear one from every calamity of life. Selfish feelings can never rive the heart with such poignancy as those that arise from the sufferings of a beloved object; but though tenderness encreases our capacity of pain, it also in a proportionate degree enhances every pleasure of existence.

Miss Montford observed my emotion, "you have (said she) a good heart—how much did I mistake your character on our first acquaintance." It was with confusion I recollected my ridiculous conversation with Mrs. Frill, and the impertinent freedom of my address to Miss Montford at the
Inn,

Inn, but it was evident the subsequent reluctance she shewed to conversing with me arose from the bad opinion she then form'd of my principles and manners.

After we had struck out several expedients for Miss Montford's removal, and rejected them as impracticable, we at length came to a determination. I advised her to appear chearful and unconcerned, and to suggest to Miss Grub, that good-nature and politeness required their going to visit their old friends at the Convent, that when this point was effected, Miss Montford shou'd avow her intension of staying there, and take a final leave of Miss Grub, whose friendship (tho' she was perfectly innocent of all her brother's vile schemes) must be relinquish'd to avoid future ill consequences.

This plan, appearing the most easy to be executed, of any that had occur'd to us, Miss Montford instantly adopted it, and traced a few hasty lines with her pencil, which I undertook to deliver to the Abbess, to prepare her, for an event, which otherwise might occasion surprize.

Just as Miss Montford had given me this billet, we were alarmed with a rustling among the shrubs that grew near the Green-house, I turned hastily, and discovered the French domestic (who had been recommended by the Abbé) leaning from a window in it:—The fellow retreated quickly, but it was apparent he had been a witness of our interview, and tho' it was not probable he understood our conversation, as we spoke English, yet, the tones, the gestures, the agitation with which every word was accompanied, must have convinced him that our subject was highly interesting; besides we had frequently mentioned Filmer and the Abbé with particular vehemence and resentment:—This unlucky accident rendering it necessary to expedite our measures, we returned instantly to the house, and entered the saloon where the ladies usually sat, but fortunately, Miss Grub and Madame La Blonde were still engaged in their dressing-rooms, and we had a yet further opportunity of continuing our discourse,—we agreed, that this unhappy discovery of our sentiments, when repeated to Filmer, would alarm him, and hurry on the catastrophe we sought to avoid:—it was therefore necessary for Miss Montford to remove before it should come to his knowledge.—Miss
Grub

Grub at breakfast had engaged me to attend them in the forenoon to the Luxemburgh Gallery to see the Paintings, and Miss Montford determined to ask her to go from thence to the Convent, to pay the visit, as we had concerted.—I summoned my trusty friend Mc Snarl, and dispatched him with her billet to the Abbess, so that all matters were *en train* for effecting our purpose.

The excess of my fears for Miss Montford, and the earnestness of my desire to have her placed in security, had so forcibly agitated my mind, that one obvious consequence of the success of our scheme had not struck me, but it now arose to my imagination. “How distressing is the task I am doomed to perform (cried I) I must assist in removing from my sight, the object most dear to me in creation—better, far better we had never met, than be thus compelled to part.” Tears dim’d the lovely eyes of Miss Montford, on hearing this exclamation. “Alas, (cried she) it is too true, we must never see each other more, but till I cease to exist, your generous friendship, your worthy conduct, can never be lost to my remembrance.” Say not that we part for ever, (cried I) my heart cannot bear such a dreadful fiat; ruined in fortune, abandoned to

wretchedness as I am, I must look forward with the hope of our being united—or I must die.”

In this distressing moment, we heard Miss Grub calling for us, she advanced to the apartment where we were, and found us plunged in grief too strongly mark'd to admit of concealment; on her approach I snatch'd up a Book which lay on a window near me, with a view of hiding my confusion; it was the English Poem of Leonidas, and I open'd it by chance at the episode of Teribazus and Ariana, this manœuvre had all the effect I cou'd wish; for Miss Grub attributed our visible distress, to our interest for the unhappy lovers whose sad tale (she imagined) we had been reading. “ Well (cried she) heaven defend me from fine feelings. It's a mercy you sentimental folks leave an eye in your heads with weeping over elegant distresses. Come, come, dry up your tears, for the carriage waits, and it is time for us to be away.”

I handed the ladies to the coach, and placed myself opposite to Miss Montford. Notwithstanding all my efforts to appear gay and unconcerned, the pangs of my heart were so plainly depicted in my looks that the lively Miss Grub rallied

rallied my triste countenance most unmercifully ; nor did Miss Montford's dejection escape her.—
 “ I protest, Caroline (said she) it must have been exactly such an expression as your face this moment wears, that suggested to Shakespeare the idea of Patience smiling at Grief: have you ever a little penchant hoarded up, my dear?— by all means make me your confidant, least concealment should prey on your damask cheek and spoil your complexion ; besides it will be charitable to let me profit of your experience, against I become a votary of the *belle passion*, if ever such an event should happen, which is extremely problematical.”

Our arrival at the Luxembourg at length afforded us some respite from her attacks. I led the Ladies through the apartments, and whilst Miss Grub and Madame La Blonde were admiring the performances of Rubens, and examining the various allegories in which he has depicted the fortunes of Mary of Medicis. I took an opportunity of entreating Miss Montford's permission to visit her at the Convent. She appeared very averse to granting it, although I even represented the necessity of having faithful intelligence of Filmer's further proceedings brought

to

to her, in order to enable her to defeat any future machinations, but at length I was happy enough to prevail on her to grant my suit; this success renovated my sinking spirits, and roused me from despondence, and I acquitted myself in my department of ciceroni with some eclat.

Whilst I was engaged in conversation with Madame La Blonde, Miss Montford proposed to Miss Grub their going to the Convent, Miss Grub instantly complied, and on her mentioning her intention to me, I said I would take the present opportunity of calling on a friend in the Rue de Tournon, and meet the ladies at dinner. I put them in the carriage, and with a palpitating heart saw it drive away.

C H A P. LXII.

Return of Filmer and the Abbé.—The Author's Resolutions.

ON Filmer's contemptuous and negligent treatment of me, previous to his departure for Chaumont, I had determined to quit his house, but I was first prevented by illness; and when I was recovered, my inability to relinquish the presence of Miss Montford rendered it impossible for me to fulfil this resolution. Her departure had now removed the obstacle, and I should have gone away directly, only I feared that my taking such a step immediately on her removal might excite suspicions to her disadvantage, I therefore thought it best to continue in my present situation a few days longer, and by appearing easy and unconcern'd remove all conjectures of our acting in concert.

I returned

I returned home before Miss Grub, who did not arrive till near dinner-time ; she was accompanied by Madame La Blonde only ;—that lady was apparently very much chagrined, and Miss Grub was visibly disconcerted. I enquired for Miss Montford, and affected surprise on being informed she was not to return. “ I do not wonder at your astonishment (said Miss Grub) for her conduct is unaccountable :—I was never so much amazed in my life, as when she declared her intention of remaining in the Convent for some very particular reasons she was not at liberty to reveal ; but it seemed to be quite a preconcerted affair, for the Abbess evidently expected her, however, I must endeavour to do without the society of one whose capricious behaviour is a very bad return for my friendship.”

Whilst Miss Grub was thus venting her resentment, Madame La Blonde had quitted the saloon and did not again join us until dinner was served. I suspected she had been sending notice to Filmer of the unexpected turn affairs had taken, and I was right in my conjectures, for early in the evening that discomfited hero came home, accompanied by his trusty squire the Abbé.

The

The Abbé was too much a man of the world to be disconcerted at this *contre temps*. Not so Filmer, his rage and disappointment were too violent to be dissembled; insomuch that if any doubts of the veracity of Mc Snarl's story existed in my mind, his conduct would have confirmed its truth.

I suffered three days to elapse without attempting to see Miss Montford, as I conjectured all my movements were under close observation. During this time I officiously obtruded myself into Filmer's parties.—The Abbé, though evidently the Premier, behaved to me with much graciousness, and Filmer wore the air of a man who tolerates the society of an unwelcome guest whom he does not know how to shake off; but I was resolved to bear any thing however disagreeable, sooner than lose the opportunity of watching his conduct. On the morning of the fourth day, Filmer and the Abbé went to Trianon, to fulfil a particular engagement, and I eagerly seized the favourable moment of visiting the dear object of all my solitudes. On my arrival at the Convent I was admitted to her presence, and had the inexpressible pleasure of hearing her breathe forth the effusions of gratitude

her deliverance, the merit of which she entirely attributed to me. I took this occasion of making a further disclosure of the affection with which she had inspired me, and press'd my suit for obtaining her favourable sentiments, at the same time candidly stating my disappointments, difficulties, and unflattering prospects; she wept whilst I recited the vicissitudes I had experienced, and observed that my ingenuousness entitled me to an equal confidence on her part.—“ I too (said she) am a victim to the caprices of fortune, the tale of my distresses, and those of my family, is long and melancholy, but if you wish to learn the particulars, I think your friendship entitles you to be satisfied, whenever you chuse to attend to them. I entreated she would not postpone her obliging intention, and she immediately commenced her narrative.

C H A P. LXIII.

Miss Montford begins her Story.

MY Father (said Miss Montford) was descended from the younger branch of a noble family; his Parents died before he attained his sixteenth year, and by the time he compleated his twenty-fourth, he had dissipated his paternal inheritance, and found himself with no other provision than the pay of a Majority, which, to a man initiated in the most expensive habits, was a very inadequate dependance. Thus situated, he complied with the wishes of his friends, in marrying a widow lady with a large jointure, who died in fourteen years from that period, leaving him a son born in the first year of their marriage. Some time previous to the death of his wife, my father was bequeathed a large estate, which fortune was entailed upon his son, but this settlement did not prevent him from obtaining the hand of Lady Caroline D—— to whom he had formed a very tender attachment, and in this union he experienced uninterrupted happiness during the short space of one year, at the end of which the amiable

Lady

Lady Caroline, in my being brought into existence, lost her life.

This dreadful event affected my father beyond description, bereft of the object of his dearest affections, the world lost all charms for him, even when the violence of his first emotions subsided they were succeeded by a melancholy which time could not remove.

In the first days of his misfortune it was observed, the seeing me enhanced his grief, so that it became necessary to remove me. The Countess of F——, who was the aunt of my mother, requested I should be consigned to her care, and afterwards prevailed that the direction of my education should be entrusted solely to her.—Her seat being at a good distance from the shire where my father resided, we saw him but seldom, but my brother paid us frequent visits; he was of the most amiable disposition, and shew'd an affection for me that made a deep impression on my young mind. The Countess too treated me with a tenderness which engaged my utmost attachment, she had a daughter some years older than me, and she divided her attentions so equally between us, that it was impossible to discover which
of

of us was the most dear to her. Our stile of life was very private for people of rank. The Earl was of an extreme unsocial disposition, and this original propensity was encouraged by adventitious circumstances: his estate was entail'd on a distant relation, as he had no son; nor could he encumber it with a fortune for his daughter, so it was necessary for him to be a strict œconomist to raise a provision for her: but the Countess did not repine at living in a retired manner, as she had the more time to devote to the improvement of our minds, and the formation of our manners.

In this situation I attained my ninth year. At that period it became necessary for the Earl to go to France for the benefit of his health, and he determined to take his family with him.—The idea of a separation from the Countess and Lady Harriet was highly distressing to me, but I had no cause for apprehension on that score. My Father was easily prevailed on to permit me to accompany them; on this occasion he encreased the sum he annually allowed for the expences of my education, attendance and dress, and after an affectionate adieu from him and my ever kind brother, we commenced our journey, and arrived
safe

safe on the Continent. We had not been long settled in the South of France, when we received letters from England, informing us that my brother had married a young woman of mean extraction, and no fortune; and that my father had given his consent to the match. The regret and resentments of the family on this occasion were extreme. My father soon after wrote to the Countess to explain the motives of his conduct; which he said had been instigated by a conviction that matrimonial happiness must invariably arise from sincere mutual affection; that having discovered an attachment of this nature between my brother and the object of his choice, and finding that tho' destitute of the advantages fordid minds only reckon indispensable, she was sensible, amiable, and accomplished, he had been induced to give his sanction to a measure, which he hoped would hereafter meet with general approbation. The Countess was out of all patience at this epistle, which she called nonsensical and romantic; she reprobated the preposterous conduct of both the father and son, and it was only thro' a fear of my being withdrawn from her protection that she was induced to keep on any terms of intercourse with people who she said had brought indelible disgrace on two noble families.

The

The Earl finding the climate agree with him, and also considering the expences of living were more moderate here than in England, declared his resolution of residing entirely in France. I should have been satisfied with this determination, only the wish of seeing my Father and brother frequently pain'd my heart. But alas fate had ordain'd that this wish should never be fulfilled. For my father, by the issue of a law-suit, was deprived of his whole estate and utterly ruined, and this unfortunate event was speedily followed by his death. Altho' I was only in my thirteenth year when this disastrous catastrophe took place, I felt the most poignant sorrow for the loss of my parent. I was not sensible of the disadvantages I must suffer in the deprivation of his fortune, which was a final blow to my prospects, as I was left totally void of provision. (The fortune my mother brought, being laid out to raise an annuity for her life, as my father could not settle a jointure.) Yet my regret was extreme. Thus unhappily circumstanced I repeatedly pour'd forth the sorrows of my heart to my Brother, but as I never received any answer whatsoever to my letters, I at length desisted from writing, imagining he was either dead, or resolved to hold no correspondence with me. One day as
I was

I was revolving these disagreeable reflections in my mind, the Countess came into my apartment in evident discomposure; alarmed at seeing her thus affected, I eagerly enquired the cause.

“ Alas, (cried she bursting into tears) I weep for you poor undone-child of my ever dear Caroline, must you be cast off by your only Protectress!” “ Gracious Heaven (said I struck to the

heart by her expression) what do those dreadful words imply? What is to become of me? af-

frighted at the effect her discourse produced on me she seized my trembling hand, and making me sit down by her, endeavoured to assuage the

perturbation she had raised. She proceeded to inform me that the Earl had resolved to remove

the family to Paris, and establish his household upon a footing suitable to his rank: it being

necessary, as their daughter was now grown up, to introduce her into life, with a view to her future establishment. ‘ This would be quite con-

sistent with my wish (continued the Countess) only for the manner it affects your interest. The

Earl either instigated, by the efforts of some malicious incendiary, or influenced by caprice,

has for some time past been much changed in his regards for you—he has urged me repeatedly

to

to send you to England and now refuses to let you reside with us at Paris, insisting so strenuously on your quitting his house, that I cannot avoid complying with his commands." Oh my more than mother (interrupted I) will you then abandon me? I have no home—no parent—alas, I fear no brother.' " It is too true (replied she) all these are lost to you, but in my affection you shall find every deprivation supplied.—You shall come with us to Paris, where I will place you in a Convent, with the Abbess of which I was formerly acquainted.—There I can see you every day, and you will find an agreeable retreat till I can prevail for your reinstatement in our house, which is a point I shall never lose sight of." The Countess used so many arguments to dispel my concern, and appeared so troubled at my uneasiness, that I exerted my utmost efforts to seem tranquil. She that day at dinner mentioned her determination to place me in a Convent until my education should be completed, which was received by the Earl with visible satisfaction, and by Lady Harriet with a regret so ill dissimulated, that it was easy to perceive she was highly pleased with the prospect of our separation.

separation. I was surprized at this, but could not conjecture the cause, as I imagined until then she entertained a regard for me sincere as that I felt for her.

CHAP.

C H A P. LXIV.

Conclusion of Miss Montford's Story.

THE day after our arrival in Paris, continued Miss Montford, I enter'd this Convent, with a heavy heart. I felt myself torn from all that was dear to me, and abandon'd to the society of strangers whom I had prefigured in my imagination as gloomy, unfeeling, and disagreeable, but how pleasingly was I undeceived; the Abbess was the most worthy and accomplish'd of women, and the sisterhood in general polite, well inform'd and good natured, besides there were a great number of French and English pensioners so that the hours which I thought would have been spent in dulness and unsociality, were agreeably filled up by a constant round of improving conversation or amusing occupations.

The Countess saw me frequently and was delighted at perceiving I seem'd satisfied with my situation, which I every day found additional reasons to approve, but the friendship of an English lady, a few years older than me, constituted

tuted my greatest pleasure, she was amiable, an orphan like myself, and by what I could gather, (for she never was explicit on the subject of her family affairs) unhappy in her circumstances and connections.

A long period of time elapsed in this state of serenity, during which all the Countess's efforts to have me recall'd were unsuccessful, at length my cousin was married to a young English Nobleman, and her nuptials was followed speedily by her father's death. This last event occasioned my removal from the Convent to the Countess's hotel. She was in great grief for the loss of her husband, and much mortified at the unfeeling behaviour of her daughter, who left her in the first days of her widowhood, being impatient to go to take possession of her new acquisitions in England. The satisfaction I felt on seeing my endeavours to alleviate the Countess's grief, gradually take place effaced the uneasiness I shou'd have otherwise suffer'd on parting from my companions. I however saw them frequently, but of this gratification I was soon deprived, for the Countess finding Paris disagreeable, as every thing there reminded her of her loss; and having no inducement to go to England, as her daughter's

ter's inattention had excited her resentment, determined to pass a couple of years in Italy, before her return to her native land; the preparations for this journey were expeditiously made and we soon after departed for Florence.

In that city we past our time very pleasantly we were visited by all the gay and polite world, and had no alloy to our happiness, but my dear Protectress's apparent decline of health, which at length obliged her to pay that regard to her infirmities which had long been necessary; but alas, it was too late, her constitution was exhausted and it was past the power of art to restore it. Gracious heaven, how agonizing were my sensations when I found I was on the point of losing her; it is astonishing I could support an existence amidst the emotions of grief, terror and despair. The Countess seem'd to gain encreasing strength of mind in proportion to the decay of her frame—her illness was painful and lingering, but no symptoms of anxiety or impatience escaped her; on the contrary, she endeavoured to inspire me with hope till the approach of death rendered all disguises useless.

When

When she perceived the awful hour of her departure approaching, she desired her attendants to withdraw, and calling me to her bedside, entreated of me to restrain the effusions of my grief, and listen to some important matters she had to impart ; I exerted my strongest efforts to obey her, and she proceeded as follows.

“ My dear Caroline, child of my heart, beloved remains of a Relation that never was lost to my affectionate remembrance, I am now about to be withdrawn from a world which I could leave without regret, were you happily situated. I flattered myself I should have been spared until I had seen you united to a husband worthy of your virtues, but the purposes of mortals are vain ;—I leave you without the consolation of knowing you are placed beyond the reach of oppression or indigence, for I have no fortune to bequeath, or friend to whose care I can with reliance commit you. I have however made one effort. I have written to my daughter to receive you as my dearest trust, and here is her answer in which she agrees to my request, and promises to acquit herself towards you in the best manner in her power. But there is yet another thing

thing which I find inexpressible pain to acknowledge. How differently do circumstances appear to us when on the point of quitting this world, to what they do whilst we are engaged in its pursuits !—when death advances to destroy our trembling frames, the mists which pride and passion had raised vanish from before our eyes, and we discern all things in the just point of view ; happy they, who in this state behold not crimes or errors arise in dreadful testimony to confound them. This happiness is not mine ;—however, a confession of my faults may perhaps in some measure prevent further ill consequences : Hear then a narrative of the deception I practiced upon you and believe it was done with a view to what I erroneously thought your good.

At the time of the ultimate ruin of your family, and your father's death, your brother wrote to me expressing his anxiety for your fate, and assuring me you were so dear to him that his efforts should be strongly exerted for your welfare, as for that of his wife or his infants. This letter I answered immediately without acquainting you, and told him he need not be under any concern on your account, for that the Earl and I would consider you as a child of our own, provided he would
engage

engage never to hold any kind of intercourse or correspondence with you, but if he refus'd to comply with those terms, we would totally renounce you. Good heaven! how could my nature be so warped by vanity and folly, as to permit me to inflict such an insult on the heart of a worthy man? but I thought after he had degraded himself by a marriage with one I imagined so much his inferior, that any connection with him would abase you, and defeat my plan of disposing of you advantageously in marriage, and this consideration obliterated every other.

To this epistle I received an answer that should have awakened my feelings, in which, though the dignity of insulted worth was every where apparent, he through affection for you, acquiesced in my conditions, as he had no advantages to offer which could compensate for the loss of our favour.—After this, I took care no letters of yours should reach him, and thus excited your belief that he was no more,—your mistaking an expression of mine the day I told you of our intended removal to Paris tended to confirm you in this opinion, which I did not contradict, as it served to establish your separation, which was the point my heart was set upon.

During

During the time of your stay at the Convent I was surpris'd by a visit from your brother, he earnestly besought me to permit him to see you, but on this point I was inexorable, and I carefully concealed from him the place of your abode. After many ineffectual efforts to alter my resolution he departed visibly distressed at his disappointment : Since this time I have neither seen nor heard from him, but it is my earnest hope that he still lives to be your protector.

As soon as my dissolution takes place I have ordered two of my domestics to attend you to England, where my daughter will receive you, and you can there make an enquiry for your brother, to whom I desire you will lay open the particulars of my conduct, they will be disgraceful to my memory, but they will be sufficient to acquit you of any neglect of him.

The Countess here ended her discourse. I cannot convey an idea of my feelings on this unexpected discovery ;— it is enough to say, that every consideration was overpowered in the concern I felt for my dying benefactress, who, the next day was released from all her earthly cares.—

I will not detain you by dwelling on particulars but come at once to the detail of my reception in England.—On my arrival at the house of my cousin Lady Freemore I was not admitted to her presence, but shewn to an apartment which I was informed was allotted to me ;—this circumstance, tho' somewhat mortifying, I was easily reconciled to, as my mind wanted respite and my frame repose. The next day her Ladyship sent to desire my company in her dressing-room, where I was received with that scrutinizing attention, and cold civility which marks contempt. The recollection of former scenes, and the loss I had lately sustained, filled my eyes with tears, at which her ladyship seemed displeased. She told me if her feelings were to be thus tortured she must decline seeing me, but if I could relish company she requested I would dress for dinner, as she expected a great number of people. Then turning to one of her women, she began to consult her on the arrangement of some part of her dress, without taking further notice of me :—I felt all her neglect, and the misery of my situation but endeavoured to suppress my emotions ; and begg'd to be excused from going into company till I had recovered the fatigue of my journey. ' Oh by all means ! (replied her ladyship with

with evident pleasure) you shall always be your own mistress on these occasions : to this obliging declaration I made no answer, but courtesied and withdrew.

The moment I reached my solitary apartment the oppression of my heart was relieved by a flood of tears ; I perceived that to rely on the kindness of Lady Freemore, or depend on her promises to her dying mother wou'd be a folly, and that my only prospect of comfort was the hope of finding my brother. I immediately wrote to acquaint him with my arrival and implore his protection ; this letter I enclosed to a person who had formerly been my father's agent, and requested him to forward it. After this my mind became more easy, and Lady Freemore beheld me in a temper more agreeable to her taste : —I was also introduced to her Lord who took very little notice of me ; indeed I seldom saw him during my residence in his house, he was hardly ever of his wife's parties, they being (as she frequently boasted) the most fashionable couple in England.

At length the answer to my letter arrived.—
The one I had addressed to my brother was re-

turned unopened, and the person to whose care I had sent it informed me that Mr. Montford and his family had left that neighbourhood soon after his return from the Continent, and that none of his acquaintance there knew where to direct to him, or had heard of him since his departure, but it was the general conjecture that he was either dead, or settled in some foreign country. This stroke was too distressing for my fortitude, I almost sunk under it, but despair gave me strength to struggle. I inserted several advertisements in the papers, and offered rewards to gain intelligence of him, but to no effect,—no trace could I discover,—no ray of hope arose to brighten my prospects. To enhance my misery, Lady Freemore became every day more disrespectful and injurious.

Thus situated, it was my ill fortune to gain the notice of the very person who had ruined my family by his success in the law-suit, I mentioned to you. He was a constant visitor of Lady Freemore, and although from his first introduction to me, I took no pains to conceal the dislike I felt to him. He proposed marriage, and offered to make a splendid settlement. He was disagreeable

disagreeable in his person, of a mean mind, and vulgar manners, far advanced in years, and besides, had wrought the irreparable destruction of those I best loved ; yet Lady Freemore was astonished what could be my reason for refusing to listen to his overtures. As to his appearance or mental qualities, she said they absolutely signified nothing in a husband. His age was a desirable circumstance, as there was such a good jointure offered ; and as to his being the person who had injured my family long ago, it was nothing at all to the purpose, as I would now come in for the whole fortune, of which had things happened otherwise, I could have had but a small part.

I knew her want of feeling too well, to be surprized at this mode of arguing, and therefore heard her with humility and silence ; but though I durst not contradict the reasons she assigned for my complying, I persisted in rejecting an alliance I had such strong motives to detest :— My steadiness provoked her beyond all bounds, and at last she told me, that those who were not wise enough to be friends to their own interest, and had more pride and stubbornness than to submit

mit to the advice of their superiors, were undeserving of friendship. I never (continued she) will lavish benefits on the ungrateful: whilst you were helpless and destitute, compassion impelled me to act kindly by you, but now that a lucky chance has procured you an offer of being raised to a state of opulence, to which your most sanguine hopes could never have aspired, you are not to imagine I will shew you further countenance if you act so perversely as to reject it.—No, no, Miss Montford, your specious arts will never dupe me as they did my mother !” Good God ! interrupted I) what arts ?—what does your Ladyship mean ? ‘ I think it beneath me (resumed she) to enter into a recapitulation of them, but I too painfully experienced their effects to forget them readily :—and let me tell you, Miss Montford, if you had the fine feeling and delicacy of sentiment you would be thought to possess, you would be glad to avoid the meanness of being a dependant on the bounty of a person you have so grossly injured, especially when you may alter your state by a marriage that no woman of condition in England would think beneath her.

To

To express the agony my heart felt whilst she thus cruelly and unjustly accused me, would be a vain attempt :—I was deprived of the power of utterance and fell fainting to the ground ;—when I recover'd I gave free vent to the anguish of my soul, in sighs and tears :—The tenderness with which I had been treated by the dear relations I had lost, when compared with the conduct of Lady Freemore, exhibited a frightful contrast to my imagination, I threw myself on my knees, and besought of heaven the resignation and fortitude requisite to sustain the united injuries of calumny, insult, and cruelty.—Once it occurred to me that even an union with the destroyer of my unfortunate family would be a lesser evil than a dependance on an ungenerous nature ; but my heart revolted from a measure my principles could not approve, and I rejected the thought with abhorrence. I must therefore remain as I was, or cast myself on the mercy of the world without protection, or means of subsistence. During the time the Countess survived her Lord she had appropriated all the savings of her jointure, to the payment of some engagements he had contracted to complete the sum necessary for Lady Freemore's fortune, on which account she

she had nothing to bequeath me but a few jewels of inconsiderable value. I therefore submitted to necessity and used my utmost efforts to conciliate favour, but in vain, for Lady Freemore declared that unless I would name a day for giving my hand to the person she recommended, I must leave her house.

In this dreadful moment Providence inspired me with a resolution of throwing myself upon the protection of the good Abbess with whom I had so long resided. I told Lady Freemore my determination :--(She said) I was at full liberty to do whatever in my wisdom I thought proper. I besought her, as it was the last favour I ever should require, to recommend me to some of her acquaintance going to France, who would afford me proper protection in travelling thither. Mrs. Frill was the person she made choice of, and it was to no purpose for me to object.

On my arrival here I met with a kind reception, and on revealing my story received an invitation to continue, but as I did not choose to be a burden to the community, I requested the Abbess to recommend me to any Lady of her acquaintance who wanted a companion :—An establishment of
that

that fort offering with Miss Grub, I accepted of it, but my adverse fate raised up still greater ills than I had yet experienced to persecute me, and had not your friendly cares guarded and guided me, I had e'er now fallen a victim to the base league formed against me.

C H A P. LXV.

In which the Author visits the Chatelet.

DURING Miss Montford's recital my heart underwent a variety of painful emotions : —I joined my sorrows with hers, and when she ceased, besought her to give me a legal title to be her protector. Oh, come (said I) and partake with me in the vicissitudes of life, my tenderness shall supply the want of wealth, and my industry wrest a competent subsistence from the hard gripe of adverse fortune ; for you I can endure every hardship, and struggle with every difficulty ; but if I am fated to lose you, I shall sink broken-hearted to the grave.

The language of sincerity is ever convincing : —Miss Montford was deeply affected by my passionate address. “ Witness heaven (said she) you are the protector I would single out from
your

your whole sex : Yes, my reason approves of the choice of my heart, and my hand shall never be given to another, but whilst an union with me must increase your difficulties I never will be yours." I used every argument to prevail on her to swerve from this determination, but she was inexorable. " Go (said she) pursue fortune in the paths of honour, the integrity of your principles, the goodness of your heart will obtain a blessing from heaven." Must we then part ? (cried I) " Yes (replied she) we separate perhaps for a long time, but rely on my constancy to reward your attachment." Can I leave you (cried I) thus unsettled, thus unprotected ?—" Fear nothing (replied she) on my account, Providence points out an asylum for me :—The Lady with whom I told you I formed a friendship when I first resided here, and who was recalled to England by her family previous to my uncle's death, is now a widow, with an ample fortune.' I yesterday received a letter from her, apologizing for her total silence since our separation, and telling me the omission was occasioned by insuperable circumstances. She professes an unalterable friendship for me, and I this day wrote to acquaint her of the reverse of fortune I have experienced, and make no doubt but she will invite me

me to live with her in my native country. You must leave me for the present, as our long conference will appear remarkable ;—nor would I wish you to renew your visit for some days,—but you may depend I will not take any decisive step without first consulting you.” I was about to solicit leave to write to her on those days she wished me to be absent, but the ringing of a bell summoning the household to the Réfectoire, obliged her to break off abruptly, and waving her hand she bid me adieu.

I departed from the Convent, though not entirely satisfied, much more happy than I was when I entered it. Miss Montford had accepted of my vows, and confessed her approbation.—Indigent and unpromising as my circumstances were, I would not at that moment have changed situations with the greatest monarch in the universe.

The Convent was situated in a retired street, thro’ which I was returning home, when my reverie was put to flight, by a violent blow on my shoulder, accompanied by an exclamation of “ Ha ! treacherous beggarly scoundrel, have I caught you at last ? ”—I turn’d quick, and beheld

held Filmer and the Abbé, the sword of the former was drawn, and he instantly attacked me, altho' mine was still in the scabbard; I closed with him, and wresting the weapon from his hand, flung it away; and ask'd the cause of this outrage?—He made me no answer, but snatching his sword from the hands of the Abbé, who had pick'd it up, again fiercely attacked me. Thus compelled, I drew, and after a few passes wounded him. On feeling my weapon, he started back, and fell. The Abbé, perceiving the Guet approach on hearing this outcry, attempted to seize me as I was stooping to raise up Filmer.—‘Stand off ruffian! (said I) I have no design to fly; innocence has nothing to dread from justice.’ By this time the Guet came up, and to my infinite surprize the Abbé desired they would take me into custody, as he could prove I had assaulted the wounded gentleman. In consequence of this declaration I was instantly apprehended. Just at this crisis, two gentlemen came up who alledged they had seen the whole progress of the rencounter from a window in an adjacent house, and that far from being the aggressor, I was treacherously attack'd, and had been compell'd to fight in defence of my life; but the Abbé persisted in his accusation, and said, as soon as he had

had seen the proper services rendered to his wounded friend, who was a person of quality, he would appear to confirm his evidence ; so notwithstanding the asseverations made in my favour, I was carried before a Commissaire, who upon hearing the circumstances, committed me to the Chatelet, until all parties should be examined. In this disagreeable state I was kept two days, when I was set at liberty, as my prosecutor declined appearing against me.

The time I was in prison pass'd "like a Phantasma, or a horrid dream." I had neither taken rest or refreshment, so that on my enlargement I stood greatly in need of both, but I knew not whither to repair to obtain them. I had no home. In this exigence I threw myself into a Fiacre, and desired to be drove to the Fauxbourg St. Germaine, where I had the good fortune of finding my old apartments disengaged, and took possession of them.

Filmer's attack rendered it evident, he was no stranger to the secret of my attachment. It was plain the party to Trianon was a feint contrived to throw me off my guard, and that instead of going thither he had lain in wait to watch my motions.

I knew

I knew I had every thing to apprehend from the violence and implacability of his temper, aided by the scheming genius of the politic Abbé, but I dreaded nothing except on behalf of Miss Montford. I therefore resolved to see her directly, in order to concert measures for her safety. I went forthwith to the Convent, and enquired for her. I was shewn into a parlour, where I had not been many minutes, till the Abbess made her appearance. Her coming to receive me, gave me a presentiment that something was amiss; but how was I overwhelmed with anguish on her informing me that Miss Montford by virtue of an order from a superior power, had the preceding day been removed she knew not whither. Oh, heavens! (exclaimed I) she is lost, she is torn from me for ever, Wretch that I am I shall never behold her more. The good Abbess, whose mild disposition was incapable of effervescence, endeavour'd to moderate my transports, and express'd great anxiety for the fate of her young and amiable friend. It has been altogether an unlucky business (said she) the story of a rencontre being occasion'd by some of the inhabitants of this Convent has been noised abroad, and I this day received a reprimand from our director, who attributes these disorders to my relax'd

relax'd discipline, and insists on more regularity and strictness for the future.

I quitted the Convent in a state little short of distraction. I made no doubt but this removal was effected in order to get Miss Montford into the power of her enemies, but I could not devise any method of assisting her ; my only course was to strive to find out the place of her residence. There was no possibility of coming at this knowledge by force, so I determin'd to watch Filmer in my turn. With a view of gaining some intelligence of his proceedings, I sent for Mc Snarl, who came to me immediately, and was overjoyed to see me at liberty. He told me on hearing of my misfortune he had gone several times to the Chatelet, but was refused admittance :—He also informed me that Filmer was quite well of his wound. “ Gude troth (said he) the loon was mair scared than hurt, but for your sake I am reeght weel pleased he is out o danger.” On my enquiring about the Abbé, Mc Snarl told me he had been very busy, and spent the greatest part of his time abroad ;—every time he returned home (for he now resided entirely at Filmer's house) he was closeted with his patron, and it seem'd

seem'd as if deep schemes were transacting, but of what nature was a profound mystery to the household. The French maitre d' hotel being the only domestic in the Abbé's confidence, and he was a person of impenetrable discretion.

I was greatly mortified at not being able to discover any thing of what I wanted to know, but I gave Mc Snarl the instructions necessary for watching their proceedings, and he promised to be extremely vigilant ;—when he was about to take leave, he advanced up to a table which stood before me, and drawing a leathern purse from his pocket, thus accosted me—“ you are in a bad pleeght at preeent no doot,—I speer you lack filler, and here is a wee parcel I ha saved, —I got it aw through your freendship, and you are reeght weel come tae every bawbee ont, gin it were mair.” I thank'd the honest Scot for his kindness, but refused his offer, telling him I had still some Louis in my purse, which would answer my purposes for some time,—But (added I) I am a good deal distressed for my wardrobe which is still at Filmer's house. “ Gude faith (said Mc Snarl) I am weel pleased you reminded me, it were

were better you had takken heed to secure your wallets, e'er the Abbé had gat possession o your teeratories, for on my ganging in on him unexpectedly yesterneeght, I foond him sai busy with your kelts that I speer'd he had takken them for his ain." I was much surprized at this intimation as I was certain I had locked my trunks, and had the keys in my pocket, but I did not lose any time in demanding them, and they were sent immediately on my requisition. On examination I found the locks were unbroken, yet the disorder of their contents evinced they had been opened,—On a closer scrutiny I missed a small pocket book, which among other papers, contained the letter Miss Montford had written to me at Dover, on discovering this loss, I again examined all my cloaths with the closest diligence, in hope so small a parcel might have escaped my notice, and feeling a little bulk in the lining of a coat I wore only in full dress, I imagined I had found the object of my search, but on inspection it proved to be a sheet of paper folded small and flat, and scrawled over with characters, such as a boy beginning to learn to write might be supposed to have traced for his amusement, and here and there interspersed with figures.

figures. Provoked at my disappointment, I thoughtlessly set fire to it with the candle, and threw it into the chimney, judging it had been accidentally sewn in, when the coat was making, and my vexation at not being able to recover my pocket book was so great that I thought no more of an incident which might have alarmed a wary disposition.

For several days after this I arose early and posted myself near Filmer's house 'till he and the Abbé went abroad; from thence I dogg'd them through all their doublings, with indefatigable care, but all my diligence and fatigue were thrown away, for they spent their time at the public places of resort, and seemed occupied merely in amusements:—Nor could my trusty intelligencer Mc Snarl procure any intimation whatsoever, relative to the place of Miss Montford's seclusion.

This disappointment affected me so deeply that I resigned myself to melancholy, and was on the point of despair, when I was aroused by an incident which revived my hopes. I was sitting in my chamber in a very pensive mood, when I was told a person desired to speak to me on particular

cular business, I gave orders for his admittance, and was accosted by a man of decent appearance, who told me he came from a young Lady who had come to his house in apparent distress, as if in dread of being pursued, and begged of his family to afford her shelter until she could inform her friends where she was.—“ Although (continued he) the circumstances of her situation were rather a suspicious appearance, her extreme beauty and innocence of countenance won upon us to grant her request, and indeed if we had not done so she very probably would have fallen a victim to her misfortunes, for she immediately fell into fainting fits, and grew extremely ill;—in one of the intervals of her swoonings she bid me go to the hotel of an English person of quality called Filmer, and enquire for Monsieur Charle, and from thence I was directed hither.” It is my Caroline!—(cried I, starting up) Great heaven she will die!—lead me to her instantly, and may God reward you for giving her an asylum in the hour of distress. He seemed greatly affected at my pathetic earnestness, and turned away to conceal his emotion. Best of men (continued I) let us haste to your charitable roof; Oh! what will become of me if I must lose her!—“ Moderate your transports (interrupted he) and

and let us haste to her. Every moment we delay, no doubt adds to her anxiety." This consideration was sufficient to urge my utmost speed. I instantly set out with my guide for the Quartier de St. Andre des Arcs, where he told me his abode was situated.

CHAP

C H A P. LXVI.

*Which leaves the Author in a worse Situation than
ever.*

THE evening was grown quite dark, when after a long walk, during which, my mind underwent unspeakable agitation, we came to a house where my conductor stopped.—On his rapping at the door we were immediately admitted; he led me to a large parlour and desired I would repose myself, whilst he went to prepare the lady for my reception, lest my sudden appearance might prove prejudicial in her present weak state. My heart thanked him for this kind precaution, and I consented to be governed by his advice. On going out of the room he closed the door with violence, and I observed it fastened with a spring lock, but I attributed his shutting me up to inadvertency. I sat a considerable time after his departure in a state of impatience and anxiety (every moment appearing an hour in duration) at length alarmed at his long stay I arose to ring the bell, and summon some one from whom
I might

I might enquire the cause. I searched the room with care, but could not discover that there was any way of ringing; I then knocked and called, but all continued in deep silence throughout the house. I now began to apprehend some deceit; and finding it impossible to force the lock, I approached one of the windows, in order to get out of confinement that way; but the moment I had got close to it, the floor sunk beneath my feet, and I found myself immured in utter darkness.

For some minutes I remained stunned by the suddenness of my descent, and overwhelmed with surprize, but at length recovering, I groped about to try to discover something of the place in which I was immured. I found it to be a damp and cold vault of large extent. I called aloud for help, and the hollow echoes reverberating around encreased my horror, but no sounds could I hear save the replication of my own.

I concluded I had been spirited away by some of Filmer's agents to wreak his vengeance on me, for frustrating his designs against Miss Montford, and I could not help reproaching myself for the easy credulity with which I had swallowed the

the bait laid for my destruction. Such was the readiness with which I had followed my deceitful guide that I had forgotten to bring my sword, so that I was exposed to the malice of my foes in an utterly defenceless state. The idea of Miss Montford's illness and distress had so alarmed me as to banish every other consideration, and render me an easy prey to deception.

Three hours (as near as I can guess) elapsed in this horrible situation. My utmost efforts to extricate myself or obtain assistance were ineffectual :—I cast myself upon the ground in despair ;—Alas ! (cried I) those eyes shall never more be revisited by the cheering beams of light, or again behold the face of creation,—still existing, I am precipitated into the cavern of death,—here stretched on the cold bosom of earth I shall breathe my last sigh, and she, who is dearer to my heart than life itself, must be abandoned a hapless victim to her merciless enemies.

The love of life is a natural instinct ; but there are situations that in a great measure reconcile men to the parting with it, and others which give to death a thousand adventitious pangs. Had I been doomed to fall greatly, I could have sprung forward

forward to meet the dart of the destroyer of human nature ; but thus to perish by the base contrivances of a cowardly enemy, was too much for my fortitude.

I continued in this train of thought until my meditation was interrupted by a trampling in the apartment over my head. I started up and shouted aloud for assistance.—My cries were heard.—The trap-door opened, four men descended with their swords drawn, and a fifth bearing a lighted torch. The sight stopt me short as I was about to pour forth thanks for my deliverance,—instant assassination occurred to me, and I felt my blood freeze at the thought : I was surrounded and seized the moment they espied me. One of them, who was drest in uniform, told me I was his prisoner, and desired me to yield, as all my opposition would be vain. I asked him on what supposition he thus abridged the liberty of a man unconscious of any crime. He replied, he would not answer my questions, and ordering me to be silent, compelled me to ascend a flight of stone steps which led to a garden behind the house ;—A carriage waited at the garden-gate into which I was compelled to go ; two of my companions entered it also, and the

blinds being drawn up; we drove off at a rapid rate.

The night was pretty far advanced when the carriage stopped. I perceived very little of the situation of the place we came to, as I was hurried along to a small chamber, which I was desired to enter, I obeyed, and then was commanded to put on a suit of cloaths which were brought to me by a person who gathered up those I took off and carried them away; the rest who had seized me departed with him, leaving me securely locked in.

I gazed around me in amazement, and by the dim gleams of the moon which was just arisen, discerned that the light was admitted to this apartment through a narrow aperture in a wall of immense thickness: The door was covered with plates of iron, and there was no chimney.—A couch, one chair, and a small table were the whole of its furniture. From these appearances I could not be at a loss to know I was confined in a prison constructed for securing criminals. This discovery gave quite a new turn to my thoughts:—I was unconscious of any crime whatsoever, but my knowledge of the want of principle in my enemies,

mies, taught me to think my innocence a very inadequate security against their allegations, instituted to destroy me. Miss Montford too was wholly in their power, and this reflection added stings of double poignancy to those I already endured. In fine imagination cannot conceive a state more distressing than mine; and the loss of reason would have been desirable, if it could have given suspension to the agonies I suffered from remembrance and apprehension.

END OF VOL. II.

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